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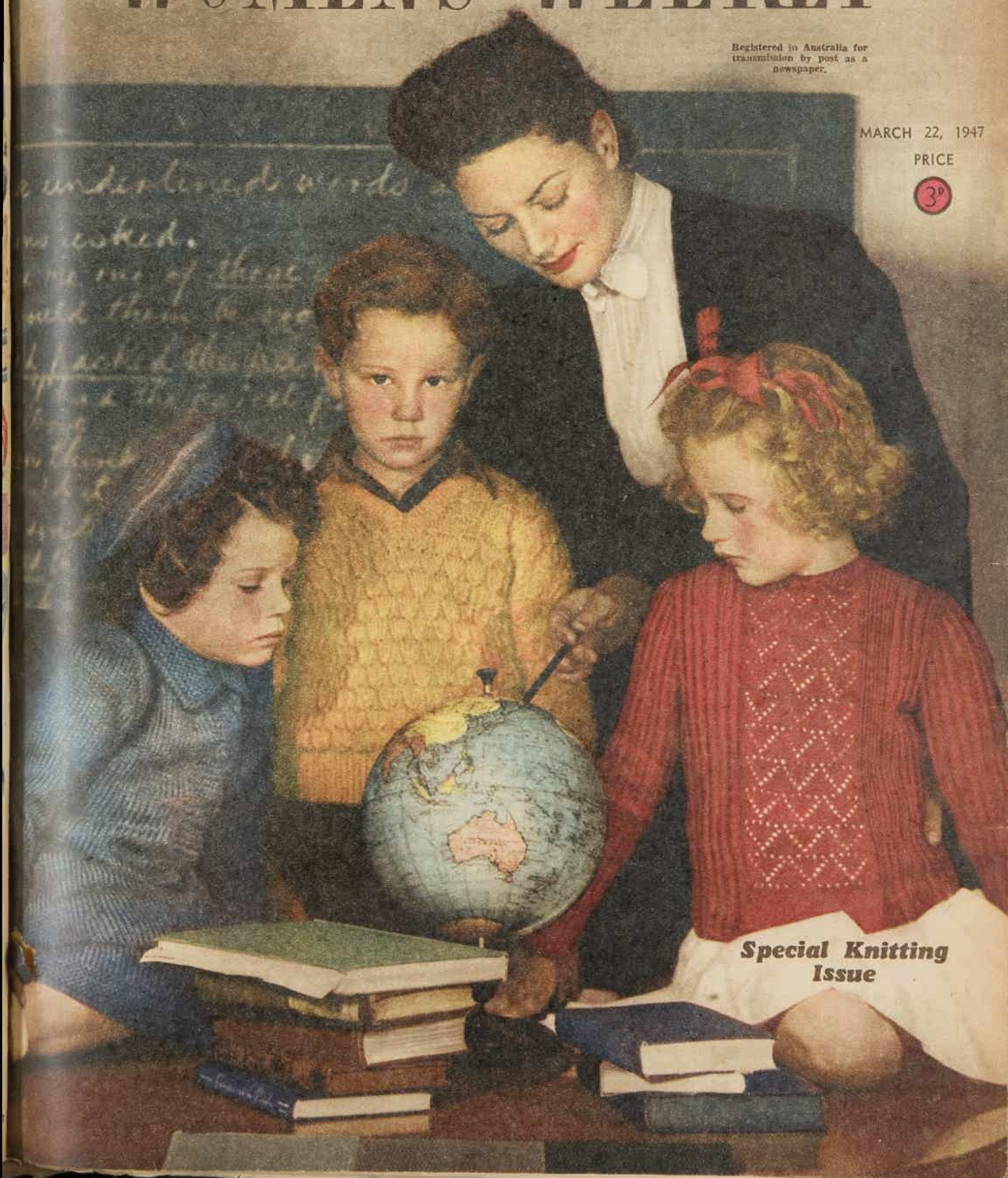
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MARCH 22, 1947

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THE TRIUMPH OF MR. HATHAWAY

Students thronged the library—but it was the pretty librarian they came to study.

CARTER V. HATHAWAY, principal of the Mapleton school, smiled to himself all the way down the street. Mr. Hathaway did not usually smile to himself. He had too much self-discipline. Besides, he had a position of dignity to maintain in the community. But to-day he just couldn't help it.

The smile was gleefully wicked, for Mr. Hathaway had, as he told himself in unscholarly terms, pulled a fast one. He was unexpectedly proud of this. He was, moreover, anxious to reach his destination and the victims of his coup.

So he walked rapidly down the sleepy, tree-lined street, nodding briefly to those he passed and occasionally forgetting to tip his hat.

For this he was forgiven. Carter V. Hathaway had been at Mapleton for five years, and Mapleton liked him. Particularly feminine Mapleton.

He had a good physique, which he kept in trim by playing golf on Saturdays. His slight stoop bespoke his intellect. He was not too young to worry a community, nor too old to make his presence felt. He was exactly 50. He had an enchanting manner, a pleasant face, and silver hair.

To top it all off he lived alone in his modest, neat apartment, and thus afforded the matrons of Mapleton that extra male so necessary to social occasions, at the same time

that he lit (quite unwittingly, to be sure) a spark of hope in the hearts of eligible spinsters.

In view of all these attributes he could be forgiven for neglecting to tip his hat to certain of Mapleton's feminine population.

"After all, school starts to-morrow," forgotten souls reminded themselves, "and poor Mr. Hathaway undoubtedly has a great deal on his mind."

Mr. Hathaway had a great deal on his mind, but it had nothing to do with school starting the next day. It had to do with the new librarian arriving this day. She was the eighth librarian of Mr. Hathaway's Mapleton career, and if Mr. Hathaway had played his cards correctly she would be the last.

He chuckled quietly, picturing the faces of the young engineers when they saw her.

Then he immediately felt guilty. He remembered the day he had first come to Mapleton, five years before. Mr. Ballard, the retiring superintendent, had taken him through the school buildings and introduced him to the staff.

"We're very proud of our school," Mr. Ballard said, when the tour was over. "For a town of Mapleton's size we have unusually high standards."

Mr. Hathaway agreed. "I have only one criticism," he said amiably, "and it is perhaps not professional. But how, in heaven's name, did you

collect such a menagerie of plain teachers?"

Mr. Ballard's shoulders slumped. He sank into his chair dejectedly. "They've been picked over," he said dully.

"I beg your pardon?" said Mr. Hathaway.

"Mapleton has one industry. It is a zinc mine," said Mr. Ballard.

"I know," said Mr. Hathaway impatiently.

"Every year the zinc mine imports half a dozen young engineers. The boys get practical experience here and then move on."

"That's interesting," said Mr. Hathaway, "but hardly—"

"Young engineers need wives," said Mr. Ballard delicately, "and the Board of Education allows no married women on the staff."

"But what does that have to do—"

"Mr. Hathaway!" Mr. Ballard's voice rang with the portent of doom. "I hate to disillusion you, but you will not be running a school system here. You will be running a matrimonial bureau!"

"Fiddlesticks," said Mr. Hathaway, and with that he forgot the interview, and the zinc mine, and the young engineers. He plunged into the first task of his new job, which was filling his only vacancy—the librarianship.

Mr. Hathaway believed that members of his staff should be selected with great care. He sorted through applications tirelessly, weeding out the poorly qualified. He spent quite a sum of money on postage and long-

distance calls acquiring references and information about candidates.

He interviewed librarians, after librarians, bringing to bear in each interview his years of training in psychology, school administration, and personnel problems. He lay awake mulling over the choice in his mind, and when at last he made the selection he had lost six pounds and seven ounces and had severe indigestion.

But it was worth it. The librarian he chose was the best to be had, of that he was sure. She had every qualification—a thorough training, excellent experience, and an unblemished character. She was also attractive, and would be an asset to a library where schoolchildren and townspeople alike were supposed to feel at home.

The new librarian arrived on September 5. Her name was Miss Phelps. She left on December 2. Her name was Mrs. Myers.

Said Mr. Myers, the bridegroom, in parting: "You see, I trust your judgment implicitly, Mr. Hathaway. You have excellent taste in women. I hope you'll do as well for the other boys. It's lonely, you know, being a bachelor."

Mr. Hathaway knew. He had been a widower for 15 years. But he was not sympathetic. With little enthusiasm he set himself to the task of finding another librarian to finish out the school year.

When the new librarian came to work, a month after her arrival, sporting a diamond ring, Mr. Hath-

away developed ulcers of the stomach.

It had been that way ever since. The rest of the staff, "picked over," as Mr. Ballard had explained it, by the engineers, remained intact. But the librarians came and went. Always Mr. Hathaway hoped that the applicant best suited for the job would prove to be unbearably unattractive. But it never happened.

He pleaded with the Board of Education, but they refused to allow married women on the staff. Eventually he took to hoping that the zinc mine's new engineers would be dullards or that the zinc mine would run out of zinc. He even contemplated denying library facilities to unmarried men under 30.

And then the solution to his problem presented itself in the application of a woman who was 43 years old, and, if her picture spoke correctly, looked it. Her qualifications were excellent, though Mr. Hathaway admitted he might be prejudiced. Nevertheless he put the other applications away in his file and hired Miss Bertha Gibbs, aged 43, sight unseen.

Now, as he strode happily down the street toward the schoolhouse, he realised that Miss Gibbs was probably already there. She was due to arrive on the 9.45 train and Mapleton's only cab-driver had instructions to bring her directly to the schoolhouse. Mr. Hathaway whistled as he headed up toward the school building.

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The Triumph of Mr. Hathaway

Continued from page 3

ON a bench outside the door sat three young men dressed (with what care only Mr. Hathaway knew) in casual sports clothes, with new haircuts, carefully shaved faces, and highly polished shoes. They looked up as Mr. Hathaway approached, and then looked down again, disappointed.

Mr. Hathaway beamed at them and asked with practised unconcern, "Waiting for somebody?"

One of the young men grinned sheepishly. "Well, school starts tomorrow," he said; and then, almost violently, "aren't we getting a new librarian?"

"Certainly! Certainly!" boomed Mr. Hathaway. "Hand-picked for you boys to fight over. Hasn't she arrived?" He pretended to look alarmed.

"The only unknown who's arrived this morning is somebody's mother," said another of the young men in a discouraged voice.

"Grey-haired?" asked Mr. Hathaway. "About, well, say 43?"

The young man nodded. "I was expecting her," said Mr. Hathaway joyously, and charged, chuckling, into the schoolhouse.

In his outer office Mrs. Seeley, his secretary, presided with prim authority. She had presided there since her husband died, some 30 years ago.

Mr. Hathaway asked anxiously: "Did she arrive?"

Mrs. Seeley indicated a pile of luggage beside the door.

Mr. Hathaway hurried down the hall to the library. The door was open. He stepped in quietly. The new librarian was standing with her back to the door, examining the books in the open stacks round the room.

The first thing Mr. Hathaway noticed was her hair, which was not only grey, but severely straight, and pinned in a large knot at the nape of her neck. He would have been better pleased if her hair had not been such a startling, shining grey. And her head needn't have been so perfectly shaped, nor should she have held it with such a youthful, challenging tilt.

Still, grey hair was grey hair, and not what young engineers were looking for.

Then, too, Miss Gibbs had a plump, mature figure, even if she did seem to stand as though she were proud of it. And the fact that her legs were nice would never be noticed in those flat-heeled shoes. Yes, she was exactly what Mr. Hathaway had ordered.

He rubbed his hands together, pleased, and coughed.

Miss Gibbs turned round. She was not pretty, Mr. Hathaway decided with satisfaction. Except for some lipstick, she wore no make-up. Her face was round and her skin was healthily tanned. When she smiled, wrinkles showed round her eyes and mouth, and even if her eyes did twinkle, she was obviously 43.

Mr. Hathaway beamed at her. He stepped forward and held out his hand.

"You're Mr. Hathaway," said Miss Gibbs, before he had a chance to introduce himself. She took his hand in a firm grip, and looked him over unabashed.

"I like to work with someone pleasant," she said approvingly. "I left the last place because the superintendent was — well, to put it bluntly, an old fogey. You look more human."

"I hope so," said Mr. Hathaway uncertainly. For the first time in his professional career he was being approved by a hiring, and he didn't know how to act.

"I like your selection of books, too," she said. "And the library doesn't look too stuffy." She put her hands in the pockets of her suit jacket and whirled round, surveying the room.

"In all, if I can find a decent place to live I may stay forever," she laughed. "When a woman reaches my age she begins to look for a permanent place to roost."

Mr. Hathaway found himself assuring Miss Gibbs that there was nowhere else on earth that could quite compare with Mapleton, and insisting that they go out at once to find her a place to live.

"I'm not in the least fussy," said Miss Gibbs. "All I ask is a room large enough to turn round in and private enough to undress in. And, of course, a shower that works."

Mr. Hathaway called the taxi that had brought Miss Gibbs from the station, and cancelled his appointments for the morning. When the taxi-driver came for Miss Gibbs' luggage, Mr. Hathaway escorted her down the stairs and out of the building with a flourish.

By mid-afternoon he was back at his desk, interviewing parents, checking time-tables. Miss Gibbs was taken care of. She was pleased with her quarters, which had not only a shower that worked, but a wood-burning fireplace, and a view of the park. Mr. Hathaway had assured her that she need not report for duty until the next day, and she was, presumably, settling herself at leisure in her new abode.

Still she worried Mr. Hathaway. He found himself thinking about her off and on during the afternoon. So many things could happen to make a person dislike a place. He kept wishing he could convince himself that Miss Gibbs was satisfied and happy.

The wish mounted toward the end of the day, and finally, at 8.30 that evening, Mr. Hathaway could think of nothing else. He telephoned Miss Gibbs.

"I just wanted to be sure everything was all right," he told her. "We — we want you to be happy." He was a bit surprised at his effrontery, but Miss Gibbs was not surprised. Her voice over the phone was exceedingly cheery.

"Everything's splendid," she declared. "I'm just rearranging the furniture, and hanging my own pictures, and moving in some bookcases I bought this afternoon."

Mr. Hathaway was appalled. "All alone?" he asked.

"Of course," she answered.

"But —" said Mr. Hathaway. It occurred to him that something might happen to Miss Gibbs. She might injure herself, or worse — He swallowed deeply.

"I'll be over to help you," he said. "You shouldn't do such heavy work all by yourself."

For the next two weeks Mr. Hathaway spent his evenings helping Miss Gibbs settle in. He moved furniture, waxed furniture, hung pictures, curtains, and towel-racks. When at last the work was finished Miss Gibbs rewarded him with a home-cooked dinner. That was on Sunday.

Mr. Hathaway felt bronzed and tired after his Saturday afternoon of golf, and relaxed because Sunday was his day of rest.

Miss Gibbs' dinner was the very best — just the kind of a dinner a man likes to enjoy at his leisure, in pleasant surroundings, and with good company. And Mr. Hathaway had all three. He relaxed on the couch with his after-dinner coffee.

He looked about him at the cheerful room and felt not only pleasure but a certain pride, too. He had, after all, helped to create it. He watched Miss Gibbs sipping her coffee in the shadows of the armchair across from him. It seemed appropriate that they should be sitting in the same room in a quiet comradeship which made words unnecessary. Miss Gibbs was the kind of woman with whom you could do such things. She was absolutely natural.

What's more she was most unusually attractive, Mr. Hathaway decided. And she cooked a mighty fine meal.

"I've often wondered," he said quite unexpectedly, "why you never married." And then he blushed to realise his audacity.

But Miss Gibbs was neither shocked nor embarrassed.

Please turn to page 15



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OH, HOW I LOVE YEHUDI

By J. HERBERT
and O. ASHDON

SO here I was in Hollywood, waiting my turn in the recording studio of a music shop. And there she was, standing just ahead of me and tapping one foot impatiently as she waited.

"Bether it!" she said with a final stamp, and I grabbed my instep.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" she apologised. "It's nothing," I answered as I gritted my teeth.

"I shouldn't lose my patience," she apologised, "but I hate to wait."

"I know just how you feel," I agreed. "I've been waiting over half an hour myself."

"Professional singer?"

"No. I've created something," I said. "You have just kicked a man who has written a song."

"Huh," she grinned, "it would be impossible to kick one out here who hasn't."

"Is it as bad as that?"

"Brother, in this town practically everybody has a brain-child up his sleeve, under his belt, or folded up in his shoe. Mind telling me the title of your song?"

I thought of the tales about Hollywood sharpshooters that I had heard back in Springville. I guess she noted my hesitation, because her green eyes looked frankly into mine.

"Don't be afraid," she said. "I don't want to steal it. I was just sort of interested."

"It really isn't much," I stalled. "I only want to hear how it sounds on a record. I call it 'Oh, How I Love Yehudi.'"

"With a name like that, do you sing it or yodel it? Still—I don't know—how do the lyrics go?"

"Here's the chorus:

*Oh! How I love Yehudi
When he plays his violin.
I can never be sad or moody
While I'm waiting for him to begin.
I could hug him so
When he draws his bow
With that fiddle under his chin,
That's why I'm not in love with Rudy
Just Yehudi and his violin."*

"I've heard worse," she said. "But what about the tune? Are you going to accompany yourself?"

"Guess I'll have to. I don't know anyone here."

"Let me do it," she said quickly. "That'll give you a chance to throw out your chest and give with the voice."

Well, almost before I could say Irving Berlin we found ourselves in the recording studio. She sat down at the piano and played the melody over with one hand. Then she tried it with both, improvised some chords, and built up a background that made it sound much better. We ran through it twice, and signalled the attendant that we were ready.

That accompaniment picked me right off my feet. By the end I was out of this world. We were both jumping as we listened to the playback.

"I won't try to thank you for all this," I purred, "because I wouldn't know how to begin. By the way, my name is George—George Mullaney."

"George as in Gershwin," she laughed. She pointed to my music. "I think you've got something there. My name is Martha Ostrander. Come on over to the house. I'd like to hear that record again."

I didn't need any coaxing. The one thing I wanted to do most was listen to "Yehudi" sung by its creator to the accompaniment of a beautiful red-headed girl.

We pulled up on the steps of an apartment-house, and she rang one of the bells lined up in a neat row. "Who is it?" said a muffled voice from a tube in my left.

Martha put her mouth close to the tube. "Just me. Look, Lucy, I've got a man down here. Is it safe to bring him up?"



"Hey, I'm lovely, too,"
Martha said, smiling up
at Earl.

Lucy in private. We'll be talking about you, so don't try to listen."

The reception was different from anything I was used to in Springville. However, I soon forgot any embarrassment as I studied the pictures about the room. There were dozens of them. They were all framed nicely under glass, and each bore an autograph beneath some hearty sentiment. I recognised every light opera and musical comedy star I had ever heard of.

In a corner I saw several that looked like Lucy. I went over to make sure. There she was—dressed in a breath-taking costume and looking twenty years younger.

"She was a beauty all right," I blurted out.

"What do you mean—'was'?"

The two of them had come up behind me without my hearing them. I felt the back of my neck grow hot.

"Oh, you're just as beautiful today," I stammered, "but in a different sort of way."

"That's a nice recovery," Lucy laughed. "Those were taken when I did 'The Desert Song,' and that was twenty years ago. But let's get down to you. Play his record, Mickey."

Martha started my recording and it sounded even better in the large room. Lucy nodded her head in approval.

"Not bad—not bad at all," she said slowly. "You have a good voice too, George. But the thing's too simple. It should be noodled up in spots. Hand me that leadsheet."

After she had experimented a moment and ripped off her version at the piano, I saw what she meant. She had broken up my chords into tantalising syncopations that made my original idea sound professional.

"Mickey," she said at last, "mix your young man a drink and send him home. I'm going to operate on his infant and he'll only be in the way."

"Do you mind telling me what you plan to do with my boy?" I asked.

"Nothing radical. He was a pretty healthy brat to start with. But Mickey says you want to peddle him. I'll polish up some of your harmonies and transcribe these chicken tracks so that they can be read. Run along to the kitchen while I'm in the mood to work."

"Lucy's sold on 'Yehudi,'" Martha said as she put me to thawing ice cubes in the kitchen. "She wouldn't go right to work on him if she wasn't."

"Let's forget about 'Yehudi' while he's under the anaesthetic," I said, holding my glass. "Here's to you. When will I see you again?"

"Any time you like."

"Do you suppose I could get away with making it often?"

"Why not? You might even try me out on some other topic besides music."

"I have one in mind right now," I said, looking at the light on her hair.

I could hear abrupt phrases tumbling out of the piano in the other room. "Yehudi" was being taken apart, and the process made me nervous. "I'm going to shove off before she comes out here to work on me," I said at the door. "See you later."

When I reached the kerb it was raining. The cold water in my face tumbled me off my dream cloud. Then my stomach did a nip-up as I thought of "Yehudi."

A nasty little voice in the back of my head kept deriding me. "You're a yokel," it sneered. "You've been taken for a ride." There was no roll of music under my arm, so I had no answer. I half turned round to storm back and demand my property, but a pair of green eyes danced before me and made me weaken. I climbed the two flights to my room, and locked myself inside.

"You're a sap," I said, throwing myself on the bed. "Just for that you can go without your supper."

I awakened later with a headache and a determination to go back to Franklin Avenue for a showdown. I might have saved myself a wild-goose chase by phoning. As it was, I punched the bell a dozen times with no result. Then I sat down on the top step of the entrance to gather my thoughts in the darkness.

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Page 6

The Australian Women's Weekly — March 22, 1941

ONE, TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE

JUST after dentist HENRY MORLEY has been found shot dead in his surgery, one of his patients, wealthy Greek AMERIOTIS, dies from an overdose of an injection Morley had given him. Another patient, MISS SAINSBURY SEALE, disappears some days later.

The murdered body of a woman found some time afterwards, and at first thought to be Miss Seale's, is finally identified by Morley's dental charts as that of a Mrs. CHAPMAN, wife of a Secret Service officer.

DETECTIVE HERCULE POIROT is assisting CHIEF INSPECTOR JAPP to investigate the three deaths. He finds that there was ill-feeling between Morley and FRANK CARTER, fiancé of GLADYS NEVILL, the dentist's secretary, while his inquiries centre largely around the noted banker, ALISTAIR BLUNT, who was one of Morley's patients that morning.

The theory is advanced by MR. BARNES, another patient, that all three deaths were somehow connected with a disloyalists' plot to murder Blunt, while JANE OLIVERA, Blunt's niece, admits that the young American, HOWARD RAIKES, with whom she is in love, is violently opposed to everything Blunt stands for.

When Blunt invites Poirot to spend the week-end at his country home, both Jane and an anonymous telephone caller warn him to keep away. He ignores both warnings, however, and in the course of the visit Blunt commissions him to find Miss Sainsbury Seale, discussing with him a strange incident when Miss Seale claimed to know Blunt's wife. NOW READ ON:—



"Let me go," the young gardener was shouting as Blunt and Poirot came upon the scene.

FROWNING. Alistair Blunt said, "No, I'm sure the woman had never known my wife, and I positively can't imagine why she'd want to speak to me. Have you no ideas at all on the subject, M. Poirot?"

Poirot waved an exasperated hand.

"My ideas are childish in the extreme. I tell myself, it was perhaps a ruse to indicate you to someone—to point you out. But that again is absurd—you are quite a well-known man—and anyway how much more simple to say, 'See, that is he—the man who entered now by that door.'"

"And anyway," said Blunt, "why should anyone want to point me out?"

"Mr. Blunt, think back once more on your time that morning in the dentist's chair. Did nothing that Morley said strike an unusual note? Is there nothing at all that you can remember which might help as a clue?"

Alistair Blunt frowned in an effort of memory. Then he shook his head.

"I'm sorry. I can't think of anything."

"You're quite sure he didn't mention this woman—this Miss Sainsbury Seale?"

"No."

"Or the other woman—Mrs. Chapman?"

"No—no—we didn't speak of people at all. We mentioned roses, gardens needing rain, holidays—nothing else."

"And no one came into the room while you were there?"

"Let me see—no, I don't think so. On other occasions I seem to remember a young woman being there—fair-haired girl. But she wasn't there this time. Oh, another dentist-fellow came in, I remember—the fellow with an Irish accent."

"Morley's partner—Reilly. What did he say or do?"

"Just asked Morley some question and went out again. Morley was a bit short with him, I fancy. He was only there a minute or so."

"And there is nothing else you can remember? Nothing at all?"

"No. He was absolutely normal."

"I too, found him absolutely normal," Poirot said thoughtfully.

There was a long pause. Then Poirot said: "Do you happen to remember, Monsieur, a young man who was in the waiting-room downstairs with you that morning?"

Alistair Blunt frowned.

"Let me see—yes, there was a young man—rather restless he was."

I don't remember him particularly, though. Why?"

"Would you know him again if you saw him?"

Blunt shook his head.

"I hardly glanced at him."

"He didn't try to enter into conversation with you at all?"

"No."

Blunt looked with frank curiosity at the other.

"What's the point? Who is this young man?"

"His name is Howard Raikes."

Poirot watched keenly for any reaction, but he saw none.

"Ought I to know his name? Have I met him elsewhere?"

"I do not think you have met him. He is a friend of your niece, Miss Olivera."

"Oh, one of Jane's friends."

"Her mother, I gather, does not approve of the friendship."

Blunt said absently: "I don't suppose that will cut any ice with Jane."

"So seriously does her mother regard the friendship that I gather she brought her daughter over from the States on purpose to get her away from this young man."

"Oh!" Blunt's face registered comprehension. "It's that fellow, is it?"

"Aha, you become more interested now."

"He's a most undesirable young fellow in every way, I believe. Mixed up in a lot of subversive activities."

"I understand from Miss Olivera that he made an appointment that morning in Queen Charlotte Street solely in order to get a look at you."

"To try to get me to approve of him?"

"Well—no—I understand the idea was that he should be induced to approve of you."

"Well, of all the nerve!"

Poirot conceded a smile.

"It appears you are everything that he most disapproves of."

"He's certainly the kind of young man I disapprove of! Spends his time tub-thumping and talking hot air, instead of doing a decent job of work!"

Poirot was silent for a minute, then he said: "Will you forgive me if I ask you an impertinent and very personal question?"

"Fire ahead."

"In the event of your death, what are your testamentary dispositions?"

Blunt started.

"Why do you want to know that?"

He asked sharply.

"Because it is just possible"—Poirot shrugged his shoulders—"that it might be relevant to this case."

"Nonsense!"

"Perhaps. But perhaps not."

"I think you are being unduly

melodramatic, M. Poirot," Blunt said coldly. "Nobody has been trying to murder me—or anything like that!"

"A bomb on your breakfast table—a shot in the street—"

"Oh, those! Any man who deals in the world's finance in a big way is liable to that kind of attention from some crazy fanatic!"

"It might possibly be a case of someone who is not a fanatic and not crazy."

Blunt stared.

"What are you driving at?"

"In plain language, I want to know who benefits by your death."

Blunt grinned.

"Chiefly the St. Edward's Hospital, the Cancer Hospital, and the Royal Institute for the Blind."

"Ah!"

"In addition, I have left a sum of money to my niece by marriage, Mrs. Julia Olivera; an equivalent sum, but in trust, to her daughter, Jane Olivera, and also a substantial provision for my only surviving relative, a second cousin, Helen Montessor, who was left very badly off and who occupies a small cottage on the estate here."

He paused and then said: "This, M. Poirot, is strictly in confidence."

"Naturally, Monsieur, naturally."

"I suppose you do not suggest,"

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

Blunt added sarcastically, "that either Julia or Jane Olivera or my cousin, Helen Montessor, is planning to murder me for my money?"

"I suggest nothing—nothing at all."

Blunt's slight irritation subsided.

"You'll take on that other commission for me?" he asked.

"The finding of Miss Sainsbury Seale? Yes, I will."

"Good man," Alistair Blunt said heartily.

In leaving the room, Poirot almost cannoned into a tall figure outside the door.

He said: "I beg your pardon, Mademoiselle."

Jane Olivera drew apart a little.

"Do you know what I think of you, M. Poirot?" she asked, then did not give him time to answer. The question, indeed, had but a rhetorical value. All that it meant was that Jane Olivera was about to answer it herself.

"You're a spy, that's what you are! A miserable, low, snooping spy, nosing round and making trouble!"

"I assure you, Mademoiselle—"

out Jane Olivera gave him, as he expressed it to himself, furiously to think.

He went, still thinking, into the drawing-room.

Mrs. Olivera was playing patience.

She looked up as Poirot entered, surveyed him with the cold look she might have bestowed upon a black-bee, and murmured distantly: "Red knave on black queen."

Chilled, Poirot retreated.

He strolled out into the garden.

It was an enchanting evening with a smell of night-scented stocks in the air. Poirot sniffed happily and strolled along a path that ran between two herbaceous borders.

He turned a corner and two dimly seen figures sprang apart.

Poirot hastily turned and retraced his steps. Even out here, it would seem, his presence was superfluous.

He passed Alistair Blunt's window and Alistair Blunt was dictating to his secretary, Mr. Selby.

There seemed definitely only one place for Hercule Poirot.

He went up to his bedroom.

He pondered for some time on

various fantastic aspects of the situation. Had he or had he not made a mistake in believing the voice on the telephone to be that of Mrs. Olivera? Surely the idea was absurd!

He recalled the melodramatic revelation of quiet little Mr. Barnes. He speculated on the mysterious whereabouts of Mr. Q.X. 812, alias Albert Chapman. He remembered, with a spasm of annoyance, the anxious look in the eyes of the maid-servant Agnes—

It was always the same way—people would keep things back! Usually quite unimportant things, but until they were cleared out of the way it was impossible to pursue a straight path. At the moment the path was anything but straight!

And the most unaccountable obstacle in the way of clear thinking and orderly progress was what he described to himself as the contradictory and impossible problem of Miss Sainsbury Seale. For if the facts that Hercule Poirot had observed were true facts—then nothing whatever made sense!

"Is it possible that I am growing old?" Hercule Poirot said to himself, with astonishment in the thought.

After passing a troubled night, Hercule Poirot was up and about early on the next day. The weather was perfect and he retraced his steps of last night.

The herbaceous borders were in full beauty, and though Poirot himself leaned to a more orderly type of flower arrangement, he nevertheless realised that here was the perfection of the English garden spirit.

He pursued his way through a rose garden, where the neat lay-out of the beds delighted him—and through the winding ways of an alpine rock garden, coming at last to the walled kitchen garden.

Here he observed a sturdy woman clad in a tweed coat and skirt, black browsed, with short, cropped black hair, who was talking in a slow, emphatic Scottish voice to what was evidently the head gardener. The head gardener, Poirot observed, did not appear to be enjoying the conversation.

A sarcastic infection made itself heard in Miss Helen Montessor's voice, and Poirot escaped nimbly down a side path.

Please turn to page 25

High style in hand-knits



Instructions for garments shown here are given on pages 32, 34, and 37.

● Fine soft wool makes this easy-to-wear affair for the teen-ager. The perfectly designed skirt with its strappings or braces can be worn over tailored blouse or sweater. The bolero gives the finish.

● Straight from Paris came the design for the youth-bringing dress shown right. "Diamond" studded yoke and reverse treatment of turn-down collar lift it out of the ordinary. Fine for day wear and perfect and so warmly comfortable for a "don't dress" evening.

● A superbly tailored suit in the Parisian manner, featuring wide lapels, good shoulders, and slimming lines. Knit it in the color that suits you best and tie a brilliant scarf at your throat for chic and dash.



● Snow-white topper, spotted for chic... Designed for all young sun-worshippers to wear on those sparkling days ahead —and it comes direct from Paris.



DISTINCTIVE MODELS . *easy to knit*



● **TWIN SUITS** are always smart, always useful, and when knitted in this attractive stitch extremely effective. The blue shown here is particularly suited to the stitch, which lends itself best to pastel tonings.



● **EXTREME** simplicity in the charm of this navy-blue, white, and carise pullover, worn by Barbara Lawrence of 20th Century Fox. The bold design is specially planned for slim figures . . . Fetching!

● **NEAT AND GAY** in its red with white trimmings, this jacket with its tailored line will be a most useful addition to the winter wardrobe, as it can be slipped on over a frock for additional warmth or used as part of a jacket and skirt outfit.

● **MUSIC MOTIF** is a novelty in this snug jumper. The black-and-white keyboard pattern on the shoulders is knitted in; but the crochets and quavers are crocheted on in white after knitting is completed . . . all the rage in America.

Instructions for knitting the four pullovers shown here commence on page 44



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STYLES!



HAITI is the name of this figure-flattering jumper. It is one of the nine easy-to-knit designs shown in Sun-glo Knitting Book Series 92.

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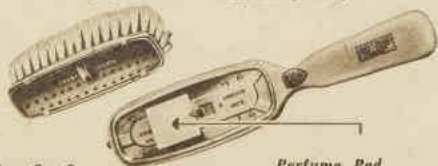
Beauty Secret

The majority of women have the mistaken idea that if you brush a permanent or natural wave it is likely to straighten it and spoil the "set." Leading hairdressers in England and U.S. know that the more you brush a permanent or natural wave the longer it will last and the more it improves the hair and gives a glossy finish to the "set."

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***NOTE.** Stocks of the Kent-Cosby 'Allure' Hairbrush are now available and can be obtained from leading Chemists and Stores. Trade enquiries should be referred to Hilscoile (Pty.) Ltd., 341-5 Kent Street, Sydney, NEW SOUTH WALES.

Cover design . . .

COSY COAT and BERET for the young miss

THE attractive young thing who is shown wearing this outfit on the cover is five years old. But the coat will fit girls well up to seven years. So will the beret.

GIRL'S COAT, 6-7 YEARS

Materials: Patons "Bonny Sports" wool (1lb. 2oz.); 1 pair of No. 6 knitting needles; 7 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 24in.; width all round at underarm, 28in.; length of sleeve seam, 13in.

Tension: To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 5 sts. to the inch in width.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 66 sts. Work 10 rows in g-st. Cont. in at-st. with a border of 8 sts. in g-st. at end of row until work measures 3in. from commencement. Proceed as follows:—

1st Row: K 2, (k 2 tog., t.b.l. k 20, k 2 tog., k 4) twice, k 8. Work 9 rows without shaping, also after each of the following rows until the 71st row is reached.

11th Row: K 2, (k 2 tog., t.b.l. k 18, k 2 tog., k 4) twice, k 8.

21st Row: K 2, (k 2 tog., t.b.l. k 16, k 2 tog., k 4) twice, k 8.

31st Row: K 2, (k 2 tog., t.b.l. k 14, k 2 tog., k 4) twice, k 8.

41st Row: K 2, (k 2 tog., t.b.l. k 12, k 2 tog., k 4) twice, k 8.

51st Row: K 2, (k 2 tog., t.b.l. k 10, k 2 tog., k 4) twice, k 8.

61st Row: K 2, (k 2 tog., t.b.l. k 8, k 2 tog., k 4) twice, k 8.

71st Row: K 2, (k 2 tog., t.b.l. k 6, k 2 tog., k 4) twice, k 8.

Cont. without shaping until work measures 15in. from commencement (or length desired). Increase 1 st. at beg. of next and every following 4th row until there are 39 sts. Cont. without shaping until work measures 19in. from commencement. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. at beg. of every alt. row until 31 rem. Cont. without shaping until armhole measures 3in. on the straight, ending at neck edge. Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until 14 sts. rem. Work without shaping until armhole measures 5in. on the straight. Shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge in next and alt. row.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working border at opposite end of needle, and making buttonholes in 33rd and 34th and every following 17th and 18th rows until 7 buttonholes have been worked.

TO MAKE BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: K 3, cast off 2 sts., k 3, k to end of row.

2nd Row: P to last 8 sts., k 3, cast on 2 sts., k 3.

BACK

Cast on 112 sts. Work 10 rows in g-st. Cont. in at-st. until work measures 3in. from the commencement. Proceed as follows:—

1st Row: K 2, (k 2 tog., t.b.l. k 20, k 2 tog., k 4) 3 times, k 2 tog., t.b.l. k 20, k 2 tog., k 2.

Work 9 rows without shaping; also after each of the following rows until 71st row is reached.

11th Row: K 2, (k 2 tog., t.b.l. k 18, k 2 tog., k 4) 3 times, k 2 tog., t.b.l. k 18, k 2 tog., k 2.

21st Row: K 2, (k 2 tog., t.b.l. k 16, k 2 tog., k 4) 3 times, k 2 tog., t.b.l. k 16, k 2 tog., k 2.

31st Row: K 2, (k 2 tog., t.b.l. k 14, k 2 tog., k 4) 3 times, k 2 tog., t.b.l. k 14, k 2 tog., k 2.

41st Row: K 2, (k 2 tog., t.b.l. k 12, k 2 tog., k 4) 3 times, k 2 tog., t.b.l. k 12, k 2 tog., k 2.

51st Row: K 2, (k 2 tog., t.b.l. k 10, k 2 tog., k 4) 3 times, k 2 tog., t.b.l. k 10, k 2 tog., k 2.

61st Row: K 2, (k 2 tog., t.b.l. k 8, k 2 tog., k 4) 3 times, k 2 tog., t.b.l. k 8, k 2 tog., k 2.

71st Row: K 2, (k 2 tog., t.b.l. k 6, k 2 tog., k 4) 3 times, k 2 tog., t.b.l. k 6, k 2 tog., k 2.

Cont. without shaping until work measures 15in. (or length desired).



THICK WOOL makes this smart coat. Beret is in 4-ply. See the outfit in color on our cover.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every following 4th row until there are 58 sts. Cont. without shaping until work measures 19in. from commencement. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and following alt. row (46 sts.). Cont. without shaping until armhole measures same as front. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

SLEEVE

Cast on 30 sts., work 14 rows in g-st. Work in at-st., inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every following 6th row until there are 50 sts. Cont. without shaping until work measures 13in. Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row until 34 sts. rem. Work 1 row without shaping. Dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 20 sts. rem. Cast off.

COLLAR

Cast on 54 sts. Work 2 rows in g-st. 3rd Row: K 4, * Inc. in next st., k 4, rep. from * to last 5 sts., Inc. in next st., k 4.

Work 14 rows in g-st. Cast off.

BELT

Cast on 2 sts.

1st Row: K.

2nd Row: Inc. in 1st st., k to end of row.

3rd Row: Sl. 1, k to end of row. Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows until you have 6 sts. Cont. in g-st. (slipping 1st st. of every row) until belt measures 33in. (or length desired). Dec. 1 st. at beg. of every alt. row until 2 rem. Cast off.

SHOULDER-PADS

Cast on 14 sts., work 2 rows in at-st. Dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row until 8 sts. rem. P back, inc. 1 st. each end of next and every alt. row until you have 14 sts. Work 2 rows without shaping. Cast off. Press and sew up curved edges.

TO MAKE UP

With a warm iron and a slightly damp cloth, press carefully. Sew shoulder, side, and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew on collar with edge 4 sts. from each end. Work round buttonholes and sew on buttons. Fill shoulder-pads and attach to shoulder seams.

SMART BERET

Materials: 2oz. Patons "Beehive" fingering wool, 4-ply (Patons' Shrink-resist finish).

Measurements: Around head, 20in. **Tension:** To get these measurements, it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 7 st. to the inch in width.

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 130 sts.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1; rep. from * to end of row. Rep. 1st row five times.

7th Row: * K 12, inc. in next st.; rep. from * to end of row. 8th and alt. rows, purl.

9th Row: * K 13, inc. in next st.; rep. from * to end of row.

11th Row: * K 14, inc. in next st.; rep. from * to end of row.

13th Row: * K 15, inc. in next st.; rep. from * to end of row.

15th Row: * K 16, inc. in next st.; rep. from * to end of row.

17th Row: * K 17, inc. in next st.; rep. from * to end of row.

19th Row: * K 18, inc. in next st.; rep. from * to end of row.

20th Row: Purl.

Work 9 rows in at-st.

30th Row: Knit.

31st Row: * K 18, k 2 tog.; rep. from * to end of row.

32nd Row: Purl.

33rd Row: * K 17, k 1 tog.; rep. from * to end of row.

34th Row: Purl.

35th Row: * K 16, k 2 tog.; rep. from * to end of row.

36th Row: Knit.

Cont. dec. in this manner, with 1 st. less between, dec. every alt. row and knitting every 6th row, instead of purling until every 6th row, k 1 row, k 2 tog., all along next row. Break off wool, thread through darning needle and draw up. Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seam.

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532

Cuticura
OINTMENT

Teamed for Romance



DICK POWELL and June Allyson are husband and wife in real life, but have not appeared together in a film. Dick is making "Johnny O'Clock" for Columbia, and June will be seen next in "Till the Clouds Roll By," for MGM.



MARGUERITE CHAPMAN and Lee Bowman have been teamed together by Columbia in a mystery thriller, "The Walls Came Tumbling Down."



JOHNNY JOHNSTON and Esther Williams are happy over their roles in "This Time For Keeps," for MGM. Johnny is a newcomer whose singing and acting have given his studio high hopes for his success. Lovely actress-swimmer Esther Williams is already highly popular.



JANET BLAIR AND GLENN FORD are both under contract to Columbia Films. At present Janet is on loan for a role in "The Fabulous Dorseys," a story of the famous dance-band leaders, which will be released by United Artists. Glenn is completing the starring role in "Framed," a drama in which he co-stars with Janis Carter.



WHAT a welcome guest—welcome at any meal—lunch, dinner or supper.

Every housewife knows the popularity of Heinz pure foods. Smiles of sheer joy on the faces of father and children are the well deserved reward for her thoughtfulness in serving these perfectly prepared fine foods.

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the full-flavoured richness of food, condiments and spices. Today, wherever Heinz foods are prepared—in England, in America, in Australia—the high ideals laid down by H. J. Heinz are cherished devotedly. No matter what Heinz product you buy, you can tell how good and pure it is, for all Heinz products meet the most exacting expectations of your eye and your palate.

HEINZ

57 varieties



"Hey, what's the matter?"
he said, and tried to draw
her towards him.

ROMANCE IN THE DARK

HE rose slowly out of oblivion into empty darkness. His hands went to his eyes. They were still masked, and the mask was held fast by sticky tape. A girl's voice said: "Not yet. You must rest first."

He rested for hours that stretched into days, while subdued voices, some strange, some familiar, came and went.

His hopes were poignant; his fears he could master through strength given him by a scrawny kid in overalls and thick-lensed spectacles whom he had not seen for years.

He had done his best to live up to the family's assumption that it was bound to be all right. Such things as the dread alternative just didn't happen to the Fearons, who were accustomed to success. The operation would restore his sight; that was their imperious conviction.

But as he waited, bored and sightless, for the doctors to remove the bandages, the thought lurked always in his mind. Suppose . . .

It was stronger now, and more persistent, than it had been while he waited at home for the doctors to pronounce him ready for surgery. Somehow, in the confident atmosphere maintained so determinedly at home, he hadn't been able to come to grips with the prospect of sightlessness.

On his third day at home his mother had said brightly, "I'm going shopping, dear. Would you care to come for the drive?"

"Listen, mother," he'd answered, "take me down to the wharf, and pick me up coming back."

To his parents' lasting bafflement, since they provided every waterfront amenity, including a luxurious yacht at the smart Yacht Club, the decrepit wharf had been his special boyhood haunt.

Before the Navy, before Laura, he had spent his happiest days there—in the water as much as out of it—fishing, diving, playing in leaky dinghies with the local kids.

The man had started to grow out of the boy there; and there, instinctively, he now turned to face reality. His mother said: "Surely you've

outgrown that place now, Roger? What can you possibly want there now?"

"I just want to sit there."
"For goodness' sake! If you want sea air you can go to the Yacht Club."

"I'd rather go to the wharf, if you don't mind."

For once she yielded. She drove him there on her way to town, and led him along the patched, sagging old wharf. For all the black mask covering his eyes, he walked defiantly, a well-built lad, with tanned cheeks.

His mother sat him down at the end of the wharf, beyond which McCann, the boat-builder, had his boatshed.

When she had gone, and he had sat there in his dark a while, he turned his mind to face that other aspect of the chance under whose awful whim he lay. Suppose, just suppose, the surgeon failed.

The war was over. His friends were back and settling down to familiar things, which he would never share.

In the Navy, he had passed through great ordeals without cracking. Now, for a little time, his nerve deserted him, and suddenly he was on his feet, with the mask ripped from his eyes, straining desperately to see the tidewater.

His eyes were all right, the doctors swore it! It was just the nerve behind them. He must see. He would see.

He strove till he felt his eyes would burst, but there was only darkness. At last, defeated, he sank on the seat again.

Then through his desolation came a voice: "Hullo, Roger!"

It sounded familiar, yet he couldn't place it. Then it added, "It's Cheaters."

Of course! "Cheaters" McCann, the boat-builder's offspring, the tagger-along, by far the youngest of the gang. His mind's eye saw her as he'd seen her last, a skinny 14-year-old, all knees and elbows, in faded overalls, big eyes behind the thick-lensed glasses that had earned her nickname.

Half pest, half protegee, she had always been there, shirking neither work, weather, nor the wildest escapade. He could recall her frantic treble as she'd panted after them. "Hey! Wait for me!"

He said: "Hello. Cheaters."
"I've been watching out for you," she told him eagerly. "I knew you'd be down one day."

"Yes. It's that kind of a place—or was."

"It's just the same. Look, shouldn't you be wearing this?"

The mask was taken from his hand and put on, gently. As he'd snatched it off in that panic moment he had knocked his hat back and exposed the wound scar, a seam not yet covered by new hair.

"Did it hurt very much?" Cheaters asked.

"Didn't feel a thing. I was knocked out when the ship blew up. I came to in a hospital, with my head stitched up and this."

"You mean your eyes?"

He nodded.
"But I don't understand. I thought a letter came that they were all right. Your father told Dad."

people write and tell her I'm ordered complete mental rest—no writing, books, or anything. If it turns out all right there's been no harm done, and if it doesn't—well, that'll be that, and she'll have been spared the worry."

Cheaters was furious.

"She let her father stop you marrying! What's it to do with him? And she ought to be here. Why if—I had—someone, no one would stop me marrying him. And if he was in trouble, whatever it was, I'd want to know, and I'd be there with him if I had to crawl. And if he didn't tell me, that would end it, because I'd know he didn't trust me."

"Hey, wait! Laura's so lovely and she's never known any beastliness. She's happy. Why spoil it when I don't have to?"

"So she's that sort! That means she's got money. All the more reason why she should be here. And what sort of wife will she be if she can't face trouble? Do you suppose there won't be any grief after you're married?"

Surprised, he said: "You're talking like a grown-up, Cheaters."

She replied shortly: "People do grow up."

He did not answer, and there was silence for a while. Then she said: "You're pretty scared, aren't you, Roger?"

"Scared stiff. But how did you know?"

"Who wouldn't be? And I was here—just now."

Another, lengthier silence. Then she asked: "Are you doing anything to-day?"

"What I do every day. Just sit."

She ignored that. "I've got a boat of my own. There's a good breeze. I'll get some lunch and we'll go off for the day."

After the way they treated him at home—vitamins, no excitement, early to bed and late to rise—this startled him. "Can't," he said. "Mother'll be back for me."

"You can leave word with Dad. We'll picnic on the island and Dad'll drive you home afterwards. Come on, it'll be like old times."

By **ALLAN SWINTON**

"They are. It's the nerve behind that connects the eyes with the brain. It's being squeezed. They're going to operate and relieve the pressure. It's not much of a job, and I'll be good as new. I'm home to build up for it."

Cheaters digested this. Then she said: "You'll be completely cured? Certain?"

His voice was sharp and rising. "It'll be all right. It's got to be. I can't be blind."

"Of course it'll be all right." Gently, she added: "It must be awful for your girl. We heard you were engaged."

"I'm not. I wanted to be married, but her father said we'd better not till the war was over. She doesn't know about this."

Cheaters' voice held blank amazement: "Doesn't know!"

"No. She's away, and I made my

His mother would be horrified, but he found he didn't care. "All right," he said. "If you can stand it I can. But I'll probably drown you."

Her voice was excited. "Wait here and I'll fix everything. Don't dare let your mother take you. I won't be long."

In fifteen minutes she was back. "All set. The boat's at our slip. I've called her the Blackduck." Her hand slid under his elbow. "Come on."

He let her lead him till she said: "Easy now. Seven steps down. No rail."

He fidgeted then and held back nervously. Her hand left his arm. "Roger Fearon! Did you ever know me to let a person down?"

"No. Never."

"Well, I won't now. You just relax. So long as I don't say anything you can step out, and when I say do a thing, you do it. There's seven steps here. We're going straight down. Find the first with your heel. Ready?"

He accepted her rebuke and braced himself. "I'm right, kid. Let me hold your arm. I'm better that way."

"All right." She counted the steps aloud. "Good! Now three paces on the level to the edge. Whoa, now. Here's the Duck. She's about two feet down. Give me your hand."

His hand was taken. "Stretch out. Her mast's straight in front of you. Lean out a bit—farther still."

Though it was hard, he did it; and just as his nerve wavered he found the mast and clutched it gratefully. It took all his will to do it, but he put his foot out and let his weight go down. He staggered a moment, clinging to the mast, and then stood firm.

"There you are," Cheaters told him. "Now wait a minute."

He felt her hands busy at his foot. "Hey! What are you doing?"

"Tying off your shoes and socks. Lift up."

When he was barefoot she said: "You're facing aft. Don't need me to show you round a boat, do you?"

Faced with that challenge, he stooped, found the boom with his hands, and began feeling his way along it.

She said: "Jib's going up. Hard aport when I cast her off."

He put the rudder over as he heard the sail going up. She said: "Here we go." He felt her shove off and the wind catch the jib.

A thrown rope hit him in the chest. "There's your sheet."

As he felt the sail draw, Cheaters called: "Right now till we clear the point. Steady."

Please turn to page 39

Quality that Nourishes

WITH ALL THE GOODNESS OF MALT, MILK AND EGGS



ROYAL CROWN DERBY



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The Triumph of Mr. Hathaway

Continued from page 4

WITHOUT embarrassment Miss Gibbs replied: "It's only in stories that the right man invariably comes along. In real life you sometimes have to get along without him."

Mr. Hathaway nodded sympathetically.

"Sometimes a person needs company," he remarked thoughtfully.

"Yes," said Miss Gibbs. "Sometimes a person does."

During the next month Mr. Hathaway was unusually busy. He saw Miss Gibbs only now and then as he popped in and out of the library. He was pleased to observe that the young engineers no longer took such an interest in literature, and that the legitimate library patrons were getting efficient and cheerful service.

Miss Gibbs had placed book displays on the reading tables and provided an inviting browsing nook at the far end of the room. She was, Mr. Hathaway decided, quite the best librarian Mapleton had ever seen. He was very pleased.

Not ten minutes after he had decided this for, say, the sixth time, Mrs. Puddle called to invite him to dinner. "It's just a small impromptu party," Mrs. Puddle said. "Sometimes a person needs company."

The phrase brought a quick thought of Miss Gibbs to Mr. Hathaway, and a twinge of conscience.

"Well, that's very nice of you," he said, "but I'm sorry—not to-night. I have an engagement."

Mr. Hathaway put the telephone down abruptly and hurried into the library. He burst into Miss Gibbs' private office, and asked breathlessly, "Will you have dinner with me to-night?" Hunting for a reason for such a belated invitation, he had a sudden, brilliant inspiration.

"Sometimes a person needs company," he announced decisively.

"I'd love to," said Miss Gibbs, and smiled at him with such frank anticipation that he knew his suspicions had been well-founded. Miss Gibbs was lonely.

Mr. Hathaway took Miss Gibbs to a restaurant that prided itself on its steaks. Miss Gibbs, it turned out, loved steak, and apple pie, too, and ate both with an enjoyment unhampered by fears of the effect on her weight.

After dinner they went to a film, which turned out to be a mystery of the most blood-curdling variety.

Before the victims of terror were released and the villain apprehended, Miss Gibbs was holding Mr. Hathaway's hand in tightly clenched fingers.

Mr. Hathaway did not object. Indeed, he managed to hold Miss Gibbs' hand through what would otherwise have been a very boring short subject. And thus they sat, their fingers interlocked, right through the Coming Attractions—a thing Mr. Hathaway had never done before.

In all, it was an enjoyable and highly successful ending. When, at the end of it, Miss Gibbs said, "I don't know that I've ever enjoyed myself as much as I have since I came to Mapleton," Mr. Hathaway felt amply determined that Miss Gibbs should go on feeling just that way.

Quite without realising it, Mr. Hathaway let this determination usurp his entire social life. Whenever a Mapleton hostess called to invite him to dinner he declined. He declined bridge invitations, too. He liked bridge, but it was difficult to get together a really congenial foursome, and over a cribbage board he and Miss Gibbs were most congenial.

He even dropped out of his Saturday afternoon golf party, when he found that Miss Gibbs played golf, too, and they went round the links together two or three times a week, usually in the afternoon. Afterward they cooked a picnic meal over a campfire, and just sat and watched the stars come out. It was an utterly happy time, and Mr. Hathaway enjoyed it thoroughly.

Some weeks before the next holidays, as always happened, Mr. Hathaway received a letter from his sister, inviting him to spend his vacation at her home. That he should spend it anywhere else had never before occurred to Mr. Hathaway. This year it did.

He remembered that a holiday at his sister's was usually dull. Her children annoyed him. His sister was pernickety; her husband was boring. Mr. Hathaway put off answering his sister's letter.

The week before the holidays he met Miss Gibbs in the street, as she came out of a provision store. "I've just ordered a duck," she told him. "It's to be a little celebration—for the start of the holidays."

"You're not—not going anywhere?" asked Mr. Hathaway, surprised. His teachers usually vanished from town the minute school was out.

"I've no one to go to, but distant relatives," said Miss Gibbs, "and we have nothing in common except our relationship. I bore myself much less."

"If I don't bore you too much, might I—?" Mr. Hathaway began. "Of course!" said Miss Gibbs. "That would be splendid. You can even help me stuff the duck."

That night Mr. Hathaway wrote a long, appreciative letter to his sister in which he remembered, with pleasure, all the lovely holidays they had spent together and regretted (with a pleasure he did not mention) that he would be unable to accept her hospitality this year.

Two days later, carrying flowers and a powder-box, Mr. Hathaway arrived to find Miss Gibbs, in a huge apron, preparing the duck. Together they stuffed it and put it in the oven.

Mr. Hathaway built a fire in the fireplace while Miss Gibbs changed her clothes, and, before the fire, he gave her the powder-box.

Miss Gibbs clapped her hands together in delight. Before Mr. Hathaway knew it, she had kissed him on the forehead. "It's lovely," she said.

Mr. Hathaway drew Miss Gibbs into his arms. She came willingly. Her lips were soft against his. Her hair brushed his cheek. "Miss Gibbs—Bertha—" he murmured. "I love you."

"I'm glad," she said. He held her closer. "I don't ever want to let you go. I—I—Will you marry me?"

"Yes," said Miss Gibbs. "I love you, Carter."

Three weeks later, Mr. Hathaway strode down the street with a smile on his face. His mind was so filled with the delicious joy of having a wife to kiss him good-bye at the door, he quite forgot to tip his hat to certain of his female acquaintances. But they forgave him, with knowing glances at each other. After all, Mr. Hathaway had just been married and undoubtedly had a great deal on his mind.

Mr. Hathaway turned off the street on to the winding path that led to the schoolhouse. The morning was beautiful. Life was beautiful. Everything that Mr. Hathaway saw pleased and delighted him.

Except the three unexpected figures in front of the schoolhouse. Those young engineers again. Mr. Hathaway stared at them darkly.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded.

The bravest of the three stepped forward smiling. "Aren't we getting a new librarian?" he asked. "I understand Miss Gibbs got married."

The schoolhouse door was unexpectedly heavy. The stairs were unusually steep. Mr. Hathaway dragged himself up to his office, put down his briefcase wearily, and nodded a silent hello to Mrs. Seeley.

"I'll want the file of librarian applicants," he announced dispiritedly.

"Of course," said Mrs. Seeley. "It's already on your desk." She smiled at him sympathetically. "Perhaps this time you could try a man," she suggested timidly. "An older man—about my age."

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Pamela Patience... I call those a real find

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Princess Elizabeth benefits from outdoor life

Early morning canter, swimming, and walking
have streamlined her figure

Princess Elizabeth is fast becoming an outdoor girl as the Royal tour through South Africa progresses.

Between formal and informal functions the Princess never misses an opportunity for a ride on horseback, a swim, walk, or game of tennis.

SOMETIMES accompanied by Princess Margaret, and sometimes by the King, the Heiress-Presumptive is the most sporty member of the party on the Royal train.

Every night the Royal and pilot trains pull up side by side, and the first person to stir in the early morning is Princess Elizabeth.

If I peep out of my window I can see her in casual clothes having a brisk morning walk or—if horses can be obtained—mounting, in jodhpurs and silk shirt, a scarf round her head, for a brisk canter over the veld.

The South African sunshine and the sporting outdoor life are giving Princess Elizabeth a more athletic figure.

Already she is smaller round the hips and her plump figure is becoming more streamlined as she leads a life that appeals to her happy, tomboyish nature.

South Africans could not have been more surprised than when Princess Elizabeth, returning from an important and tiring reception at Port Elizabeth, changed from her summer silk frock, and a few minutes later was racing the King down the 200-yard strip of sand between the Royal train and the surf.

Bathers ran for a lifesaver—who hurried up with a reel—when they saw the Princess, who, a few minutes before, had been waving to the crowd, take a header into the surf.

Calling to the King to follow her, she swam out a few hundred yards with a swift, strong overarm.

It is a long time since the Princess has had an opportunity to swim.

The war years stopped the Princess's visits to the Bath Club, where both Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret were awarded certificates for proficiency, and work on the swimming pool at Buckingham Palace, which was nearly finished when the war broke out, ceased, and has not been resumed.

Though Sandringham is not far from the sea, the Royal Family do not visit their Norfolk home in summer, and it is too cold at Balmoral for swimming even if they made the fairly long trip to the coast.

Princess Elizabeth has never had a surf in her life before.

That is why everyone in the little crowd of surfers was delighted to see the Princess shoot a small breaker that was rolling in and pick herself up gracefully from the sandy shore a few minutes later.

The Princess had her first lesson in adjusting a lifesaving belt when the King called on a lifesaver to give a demonstration.

Princess Elizabeth wears one-piece costumes in different colors.

Her costume can be seen hanging from a window of the Royal train when it is pulled up near the water.

Riding has always been one of the Princess's accomplishments, and in South Africa she has ridden three ponies loaned by farmers en route.

Princess Elizabeth, like the Queen, loves the mountains.

"They seem so friendly," she said as the white train climbed over the famous Montague Pass.

With her head tied up in a scarf, Princess Elizabeth leaned from the windows, enjoying the fresh mountain air and looking for buck in the scrub and forests.

Princess Elizabeth's fondness for the outdoors is endearing her to the hearts of South Africans.

Her ride on the footplate of the train, her early morning gallops, and enthusiasm about the surf and

Radioed by
ANNE MATHESON
Our representative travelling
on the Royal tour



THE ROYAL FAMILY, accompanied by Field-Marshal Smuts, leaving a State banquet on their tour. The Queen and the Princesses wore beautiful formal evening gowns.

beaches, about picnic spots and canoeing reveal her to them as a typical young outdoor girl.

Though the Princess takes every opportunity of enjoying herself in South Africa, she is also learning a great deal about the politics and customs of the country.

Travelling on the white train with the Royal Family is the Hon. H. G. Lawrence and his slim, attractive wife.

Mrs. Lawrence, a blonde, sun-tanned South African, shares the Princess's love of outdoors, and is her constant companion on the tour.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence keep the Princess informed on South Africa.

Cabinet Ministers and their wives take it in turn to be in attendance on the Royal Family during their tour.

When provincial administrators and office-bearers are in attendance the Princess has the company of Miss Mary Carinus.

Daughter of the Hon. J. G. Carinus, Miss Carinus, who is the same age as the Princess, travelled on the white train from Capetown to Allwal North with the Royal Family.

Proud of her country, she infects the Princess with her own enthusiasm for rich fruit lands, orchards, and vineyards, the parched veldt and sheep farms.

Hospitality, which is a national characteristic common to the city and country, knows no social distinctions, and when Princess Elizabeth shares and enjoys their pleasures with them the South Africans feel repaid for the lavish and the simple hospitality they offer.

In spite of her outdoor life, the Princess still retains her English complexion, to the envy of every girl

in the Union. She carries a tussore sunshade (rather like a gamp with green lining), but rarely opens it.

Except for very formal functions, the Princess is wearing platform-soled sports shoes with linen and summer silk frocks.

These often are stepped-up soles in three different colors. Other shoes are blue-and-white and brown-and-white.

Big native gatherings

The first big native ovation the Royal Family received was at Port Elizabeth, where St. George Park was packed with people of all races.

SIXTEEN thousand colored children from 45 schools within a radius of 40 miles cheered Their Majesties and the Princesses as they drove in.

Three tiny native girls presented bouquets, dropping much-rehearsed courtesies.

This gathering wore European clothes.

But soon the Royal Family were to see a tall, lean Bantu clad in a leopard skin, flourishing a spear, and jumping in front of the Dalmatian flying the Royal Standard as he shouted a greeting from the Xosa tribe.

This was the specially chosen headman yelling, "A sizwe, a sizwe" (Father of all Nations, Father of all Nations).

And the crowd took up the cheering, hailing the King as father of them all.

The Xosa paramount chief, and his ageing, much-revered sister were at a native location—a neat model suburb where natives working in factories live in simple, small, modern houses, but keep their traditional clothes and customs for festive days.

Native witch doctors in ancient dress wore charms round their necks, their faces painted grotesquely white and their fur headdresses blowing in the breeze.

NEXT week The Australian Women's Weekly will publish illustrations, some in color, of patterns of some of the frocks being worn by Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret during their South African tour.

Consent has been obtained to make these models by famous British designers Hartnell and Molyneux available to our readers.

The patterns, which have been specially cut, include day frocks, suits, and evening gowns. One evening gown pattern also includes a transfer for embroidery.

A feature of the clothes chosen by the two Princesses is their charming simplicity. This will enable home dressmakers to follow the patterns easily.

The patterns will be available for 2/8 each. Full details will be published in next week's issue.

They danced up and down, their chanting growing louder and louder.

Princess Elizabeth had a special smile for the completely naked little piccaninny who rushed up, aware only of the excitement and that this must be a great occasion.

It was here that the Royal Family first saw the real Africa unfold.

There were Xosas, Tembus, Fingoes, and a smattering of all the other native tribes in South Africa, all gathered together, shouting themselves hoarse and straining to get a glimpse of the King.

At Grahamstown, the King's car came to a standstill before Chief Bakile, regent of the paramount chief, Velle, and his nephew, Chief Jonginyata.

Nine thousand natives sang their greeting as they hailed the King as "bringer of rain."

After a long drought that threatened their meagre crops, the natives greeted not only the King but also the first rain for months, and in their simple minds they associated the King and the rain together.

They were not such a colorful spectacle as the earlier gatherings, as they wore cast-off European clothing.

At Lovedale, the Exton and Oxford of native Africa, the Royal Family first saw what native education is doing for Africa's colored peoples.

Five thousand native students sang in perfect unison, their melancholy singing deeply touching the Royal visitors, who spent nearly an hour with the students, learning more of their way of life, and even going so far as to inquire what were the prospects of natives leaving college educated and intelligent—but colored.

But Lovedale's scholastic atmosphere was soon dispelled as once more the Royal Family were on the road, driving through lines of wide-grinning natives or pulling up in the Royal train at small wayside stations to greet and receive greetings from colored subjects who had come miles to see the train and hope for a glimpse of the Royal Family.

Excitement among the natives of Zululand had run high for months before the Royal Family arrived.

People trekked in from all parts of Zululand to do war dances that lasted all night and nearly the whole of the next day.

At Eshowe, capital of Zululand, they paid homage to the Royal Family.

In olden days, when Zulu people were called by their King, it was his privilege to give and their right to receive a gift of cattle at his hands.

The gift and its reception signified the paternal affection of the King for his children and the nation's acceptance of his right to rule.

It was fitting, therefore, that gifts were presented by Their Majesties to selected chiefs, and the Government, realising the historic importance of the event, made a gift of hundreds of cattle for slaughter on the day the King visited Zululand.

A FRIENDSHIP CONFIRMED

THE fifty-year alliance between Britain and France, signed, appropriately, in the only building intact in war-wrecked Dunkirk, means as much to the rest of the world as it does to the two countries who made the treaty.

It is, in Mr. Bevin's words, not a Western bloc, but an attempt to contribute to the pattern of universal peace.

The homeless, hungry people of war-stricken countries might well say "other nations, please copy."

The two countries, traditional enemies for centuries, laid the foundations of this pact with the Entente Cordiale in 1904, and strengthened them in the 1914-18 war.

But their military, political, and social friendship endured its severest test early in the second World War, when, of necessity, England's only proof of friendship was the heroic Dunkirk debacle, the sacrifice of her early inadequate air force, and Mr. Churchill's oratory.

The Normandy invasion justified France's faith in her old friend across the Channel, and France, on her side, responded with a magnificent resistance movement that was in keeping with her long tradition of courage and freedom.

Between Dunkirk and D-Day both countries endured a period of national stress which might easily have led them to lose faith in themselves and in each other.

This shared ordeal has brought them closer together in a deeper understanding and tolerance, and a fuller realisation of their need of each other's friendship.

The British Foreign Minister made the heart-warming promise that neither country would leave the other's side and the two would help to make the world safe for its peoples.

It is a promise that could be repeated many times between the countries of the world, to make the phrase "united nations" a solid reality for its weary, jittery peoples.



"POOR FISH," said artist Spud when he heard about the use of live fish in costume jewellery. This is his idea of carrying the notion to its logical conclusion.

It seems to me...

"SURELY you needn't write about Bernborough, too?" asks a cross reader of last week's paper.

Well, I didn't expect that King Charles' Head of the daily paper columnists to pop up here, considering that my interest in racing is normally confined to the first Tuesday in November.

But he did. And here he is again. Because now there's the fascinating argument whether a "mystery colt" in Queensland, belonging to Bernborough's original owner, is Bernborough's son.

After studying a great deal of extremely revealing evidence which has been published on the subject, the only conclusion I've come to is that horses have no privacy.

But what did impress me is that the mother of the owner of this colt still has the £140 that Bernborough brought when he was sold as a foal.

She says it's sentimental money, keeps it in an envelope, and says it will never be touched.

Racing folk are certainly sentimental. I suppose Mr. Romade will feel just the same about the £30,000 from Louis B. Mayer.

"Now that was OUR idea," the Liberals said when taxes were reduced. "They took our cue. Chifley has only followed where we led." I don't care WHOSE idea it was, do you?

YES, the tax cuts are a great relief. But it's a bright cloud that hasn't a dark lining. I know some people who have asked for salary rises lately and the popular answer is "Mr. Chifley will be giving you one in July."

IT'S a good thing Senator McKenna's amendment on the 5/- pension increase was knocked on the head.

He wanted to graduate the increase, so that pensioners who earned more than 8/- extra a week wouldn't get it at all.

That would have cut right across the proposed eventual abolition of the means test.

The sooner the means test is abolished the better. As it is now, there are thousands of people who have pinched and scraped all their lives to get themselves an income on retirement, which isn't adequate but makes them ineligible for the pension.

Once many people were ashamed of taking the old-age pension. They regarded it as charity.

But there are many factors besides thriftlessness which make it impossible for people to save. Depression, illness, and plain ill-luck are some of them.

Nowadays that's generally recognised, and we're tending more to regard the old-age pension as a right of all citizens.

The proposed national superannuation scheme may prove the answer.

THERE'S an always ad. that is beginning to worry me.

It quotes a grandmother who natters about the advantages of flying all over the country to see her grandchildren.

The first time I read it through I accepted it all in an absent-minded way. But now some weeks have elapsed, and grandma's still talking about her impending flight to attend the christening of Annie's first boy, and her return flight to be home when Laura comes to stay.

I feel that the christening is long overdue, and probably Annie's second is on the way. Furthermore, if Laura comes to visit Mammy much more I wouldn't blame her husband for divorcing her.



Dorothy Drain

FIRST batch of wives sets off for Japan in May. They've been waiting a long time, but it was better for B.C.O.F. authorities to wait until the area was ready for them.

When I was in Japan early last year plans were being made to bring wives, and there was impatience at the delay.

But conditions weren't ready by a long chalk. Now, I'm told, they're considerably better.

It's not that the wives couldn't have endured Kure as it was then. Many might have enjoyed themselves thoroughly, as I did.

But one of the jobs of an Occupation Force is to impress the Japanese.

As it is, the British Commonwealth Forces have the most difficult area of Japan, and infinitely less in material resources than the American troops.

It wouldn't have looked very good if the wives had lived in uncomfortable quarters—especially when our soldiers are always telling the Japanese how much better in comparison is the lot of Western women.

PAUL ROBESON has announced that he is leaving the concert stage to devote his life to the betterment of racial relationships.

A negro correspondent, Enoch Waters, who was in Australia with the American forces during the war, told me that no negro stands higher in the regard of his own people than Robeson.

In some American cities negroes are not admitted to first-class theatres. In others they are not allowed in the best seats.

Robeson has consistently refused to play in cities where there is this discrimination.

There are other places where the discrimination isn't admitted officially, but where negroes don't try to buy good seats. They know they would be told there weren't any front stalls left.

Robeson takes care of that, so Enoch told me, by buying up a number of good seats, giving them away to negroes.

It would have been easy for Robeson to accept all the privileges that fame brought him without worrying about the plight of his fellows.

But he is not only a great singer. He is a great man.

WE are promised—from America, of course—that we shall soon see live fish incorporated in costume jewellery.

A Miss Helen Davis has spent 14 years learning to stunt the growth of tropical fish, which will be put in chemical in transparent miniature bowls, and worn as bracelets, earrings, and pendants.

Fourteen years!

When Miss Davis started on this job, Hitler hadn't come to power. While the bell was tolling away like mad in Abyssinia, Spain, Austria, and Czechoslovakia, Miss Davis was at work in her aquarium.

The world dissolved in flames, but Miss Davis' fish were getting smaller.

Came peace, or what passes for it. All over the world people strove to find a way out of the mess they were in, to get enough to eat, to keep warm, to live at all.

But Miss Davis had reached her goal. She had three million fish no bigger than a fingernail, for women's costume jewellery.

Science is a wonderful thing.

WHEN are cafes going to restore sugar spoons, a wartime casualty? They're a small contribution to restaurant hygiene, and there's no reason to withhold them now.

Interesting People



BRIGADIER L. CROSS

... British liaison visitor

JOB as Deputy-Director of Public Relations with British Army with gregarious temperament of Lionel Cross. He said when in Australia recently: "I like people, and find the Army offers comradeship and friendship. That is why I chose it. He entered Royal Military Academy when 17, fought with artillery in France in 1914-18 war. Returned in 1929, was recalled in 1939 as staff captain. Escaped from Dunkirk. Started present job last October.



MME LUCIE RANDOIN

... research saves lives

AFFECTIONATELY known as "Madame Vitamine," Lucie Randoin is the only woman besides Mme Pierre Curie to be a member of French Academy of Medicine. She has devoted 28 years to vitamin research. Results of her work saved many innocent lives during France's food shortage. "Our daily food," she declares, "is bound up with preservation of life and future of the race, and science must have its say." Her main object is to prevent deficiencies due to ill-balanced diet.



MR. CHARLES WILMOT

... admires our talent

CHARMING, grey-eyed Charles Wilmot is here for two years as first Dominion representative of the British Council, which aims to develop reciprocal cultural relations between Australia and Britain. Says: "There are wide possibilities for Australian talent, but England does not know enough about it yet." The council deals with music, books, films, and the sciences, and has sent Mr. Wilmot to tour the whole country and find out what we want in fine arts.

Duchess of Gloucester enjoys sea trip home

Gives son first lessons, plays games with children

Radioed by BETTY NESBIT
from the Rangitiki a few days away from England

Of all the passengers in the Rangitiki no one has enjoyed the trip more than the Duchess of Gloucester, who settled down easily to the long and lazy days of the five weeks' journey.

For months before she left Australia her life was a series of social engagements and official farewell functions which filled every spare minute.

ONCE on board she had a chance, for the first time in two years, to relax and enjoy leisure hours with her two sons, to whom she is devoted.

Prince William, now five, is having school for the first time.

His mother gives him one hour's lesson in the morning—reading, simple spelling, and counting.

He enjoys reading, and has a large stock of books to see him through the voyage.

Every day the Duchess has walked on the promenade deck with her children.

Run, perhaps, would be a better word, as William has usually pushed at high speed the pram in which baby Richard sat, much to the delight of both children and with a certain amount of maternal reproof from the Duchess, who had to hurry to keep up.

Another daily routine is taking the two Australian terriers for a deck walk.

The dogs, Jean and Piper, which are being taken home to the Duke, are not allowed on the decks without leashes.

The Duchess has walked them every night after dinner, and during afternoons. The dogs will be put into quarantine for six months, and will then meet up with the other Australian terriers whose dogsy forbears the Duke took back to England after his first Australian visit.

On most days the Duchess has played "follow the leader" and chaises with the Prince, other children in the Royal party, and passengers' children.

There were always great whoops of joy when the Duchess joined the games, as she appeared to enjoy them as much as the children, and certainly put as much energy into them.

After a few days at sea the Duchess looked well and rested. She is a good sailor, and not even a storm laid her low. The Princes, also, are good sailors, and on the roughest day William was sailing a toy paper boat in the scuppers running with water.

Naturally, he got a bit wet, but he obviously liked this sort of thing much better than Church.

He attended the first Sunday service with his mother, but, after wincing restlessly for about ten minutes, he asked if he could leave.

He joined his little brother and other children, who had their sixpence and threepence ready for the collection.

The stewards on duty in the Royal quarters say, "These two children are certainly characters, and the Duchess is just no trouble at all to look after."

William, on deck, walks with the Duchess, likes to stop and talk to way boys he meets.

He addressed one lad, David White, son of Mrs. Irene White, of Bellevue Hill, Sydney. "How are you?" says William.

"Very well," says David.

"The English," says William.

"The Welsh," says David.

This international exchange over, they compared notes on the weather.

On the ship the Duchess has worn a simple wardrobe.

On deck she has worn kilts with soft, hand-knit jumpers and cardigans in pastel shades. She likes the contrast of blue and red, and for sport tennis wears navy-blue slacks, and ties a bright handkerchief jauntily over her hair.

She often wears a scarlet bow in her hair.

Not many people notice her as she



BETTY NESBIT, a member of our staff, snapped as she was leaving for England aboard the Rangitiki.



THE TWO LITTLE PRINCES, with a nurse, waving good-bye when they left Sydney.

walks around the deck, as she is so small and unobtrusive.

Those who know her now or met her in Australia she has greeted with a handshake and a smile.

She has played deck tennis in the afternoons. The Controller of the Household, Commander A. W. F. Robertson, and her Lady-in-Waiting, Miss Eileen Phipps, usually play with her, but anyone standing near the court waiting for a game is asked to join in. She prefers to play on the afterdeck court, as it is least crowded. She plays a good game.

The Duchess and others in the Royal party entered the deck competitions.

Her partner was Father S. J. Nugent, a Carmelite monk from Melbourne on his way to Rome. Although they played well they did not make the finals.

A crowd always gathered round to watch them play in their matches.

The Duchess has also attended the ship's dances.

Commander Robertson played the piano for the dancers several times.

The Duchess' drawing-room, formerly the ship's first-class lounge, is tastefully furnished with colored chintz-covered chairs. Her knitting-

bag, full of needles, wool, and patterns, has always been well in evidence.

She is fond of knitting, and has made many jumpers for her nieces and the Princes during the voyage. She brought a good stock of Australian wool with her.

Outside the windows stands a small wooden box containing camellia plants, which the Duchess is hoping will flourish in the hot-house at Barnwell Manor.

Her evenings have usually been spent playing cards, and she likes checkers and listening to classical music.

She also started the job of preparing a picture-album for the hundreds of snapshots she took in Australia.

Some passengers, also the captain and senior officers, have been invited to informal dinner parties in her suite.

One excitement of the voyage was the visit to Pitcairn Island.

The islanders came alongside in whalers and climbed aboard on rope ladders.

One of the Princes' nurses told me the two boys were "absolutely shaking with excitement" when they saw



THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER and the two young Princes in the Duchess' drawing-room on the Rangitiki.

the piratical-looking craft sailing to the ship.

Their pale blue linen suits, blond hair, and pink cheeks were greatly admired by the dark-skinned, bare-footed islanders, who were just as excited at their first meeting with members of the Royal Family.

William's little white hand disappeared in the large brown hand of Mrs. Lucy Christian when he was introduced to her.

Mrs. Christian is one of the leaders of the island community.

The islanders brought gifts of fruit, necklaces, and baskets for the Duchess and wooden toys for the children.

Mrs. Christian said: "The Royal visit is the greatest day in the island's history."

When the Duchess said: "We were glad we were able to arrange it," and how much she was enjoying it, Mrs. Christian said in slow-spoken English: "I think we enjoy your ship much better than you would enjoy our lonely island."

Another event was the mid-ocean passing of the ship Rimutaka, in which the Duchess travelled to Australia.

The Duchess and her children went on the bridge, the Princes with their panama hats tied on with blue ribbon, as the wind was strong.

They had box-seats on the rail and a flag to wave, which they did with great excitement as the ships greeted each other with signals—"bon voyage," three blasts, and cheers from all the passengers and crews.

The Rimutaka was on the way to New Zealand.

Another event was the first birthday party of Susan Thompson, daughter of Lieut. Thompson, R.N., the Duke's personal secretary, and Mrs. Thompson.

The Princes came to the party in the children's dining-room with the other children on board, and thoroughly enjoyed the ted cake made by the ship's baker for the party.

The one candle which decorated

the cake was bought by Mrs. Thompson in Sydney.

At Panama, the first port, the Duchess was entertained at a reception at the British Legation.

On arrival in London she will be met by the Duke at Tilbury, and they will divide their time principally between York House and St. James Palace in London, and their country home, Barnwell Manor, near Peterborough.

The Duchess will have a large number of social engagements to fulfil during the Queen's absence in Africa. There will possibly be a reception at Australia House, given by Australian Minister Mr. Beasley, to welcome home the Duke and Duchess. The Duchess will also take up her duties again as president of many organisations. She is greatly interested in the nursing profession, and work in hospitals generally.

She is Deputy-Commandant-in-Chief of St. John Ambulance Brigade nursing divisions, and also Air Chief Commandant of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force, which has not been demobilised in England yet.

When she is at Barnwell she takes a great interest in local events, and the grounds at her home are often lent for functions.

From my conversations with her staff it was obvious the Duchess is sorry to leave Australia, in spite of the busy and exacting life her position as wife of the Governor-General entailed.

She found herself intensely interested in the country, and in two years saw more of it than most Australians see in a lifetime.

It will be a long time before people in many outback towns and lonely cattle stations, workers in factories, and suburban housewives forget the little, rather shy Duchess, who greeted them with warmth, and listened to their problems with understanding.

Five People... with one good idea ... SECURITY!

Freedom from financial worries, and a secure and prosperous future—that idea is back of most people's minds. And all over Australia, thousands of people have found a simple way to make this idea a very practical reality.

Here, five good Australians, in widely different occupations, tell what they are doing... how the Bonds they have bought, and are still buying, are bringing them security... how Bonds paying better than bank interest with absolute safety and ready negotiability are the best possible investment for savings and surplus cash.

Make an advance subscription yourself to the Third Security Loan. The money you will save will buy more for you later on, the interest is as good as a second income, you help in rehabilitation and reconstruction, and in avoiding inflation.

The Third Security Loan opens on April 15: Bonds will be available in denominations of £10, £50, £100, £500, and £1,000, paying interest at the rate of 3½% for 12 years or 2% for three years. You can make a fully paid Advance Subscription at once, and interest will be paid from the date of your application. Invest to-day through any Bank, Savings Bank, or Stockbroker.

"BEST INVESTMENT I KNOW"

says First Constable LES BRITTON,
of Melbourne, Vic.

If people with money to spend are wise, they will wait for the "all clear" before they go ahead on a spending spree.

"I have put the brake on spending myself, and set aside something from every pay for Commonwealth Bonds. It's an easy way to save for security, and good, sound business, too—particularly for the family man.

"You can count me in on the Third Security Loan. It's the best investment I know."



"MY HEAD'S IN THE CLOUDS"

says Anne Young, Airline Hostess

Most of her working life is spent above the clouds, or somewhere near them, but financially Anne Young has her feet well on the ground. With an eye on the future, she says:

"Perhaps no one realises the meaning of security more than we hostesses do. But while we pay great attention to security in the air, most of us have in mind a different kind of security—security against the future. The best way to ensure this security is by investing in Commonwealth Bonds, as I have done for many years."

Miss Young, who is a senior hostess with T.A.A., has flown over 300,000 miles in the 2½ years she has been associated with air travel.

"MY BEST CROP IS INVISIBLE"

says Farmer A. T. GOODALL, of Salisbury,
South Australia.

"Look around this farm by all means, but you won't see my best crop, it's safely stored away in the vaults of my bank!

"Yes, you guessed it—my Commonwealth Bonds. Bonds are a crop that requires no ploughing, harrowing or harvesting, and fire, drought and frost can't affect it. And all the time they're growing benefits for my family and me, increasing in value every time interest falls due."



"I'M HOLDING THE RIGHT NOTE"

says WALLY NORMAN, Band Leader and Trumpeter
of the Roosevelt Restaurant, Sydney.

He says: "Anyone who invests in Commonwealth Bonds cannot possibly fail to harmonize with himself and the rest of the community.

"I've always bought Bonds to the limit, and I've proved that Bond-buying is the best way to save. I've got far more money safely invested than I would have believed possible. It'll make a great difference later on when the time comes to spend it."



"IT ISN'T ALL GLAMOUR..."

says Lovely Photographic Model
PAT FIRMAN.

"I want to have money to enjoy when there's a plentiful supply of worthwhile things to choose from, and I've plans for the future that are worthwhile saving for.

"So I'm making an advance subscription to the Third Security Loan. I've found that Bonds are definitely the best place for my savings... they earn better than bank interest, and they're absolutely secure."



Listen in to the
**AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL
QUIZ CHAMPIONSHIP OF 1947**

Second Capital City Semi-Finals
All Stations, TUESDAY, MARCH 25, 8 p.m.
(South Australia, 7.30 p.m.)

MAKE AN ADVANCE
SUBSCRIPTION TO THE

Third Security Loan

Oh, How I Love Yehudi

Continued from page 5

THE whole thing was plain to me now. "Yehudi" was a better idea than I had realised. Its merit had been recognised by two sharks and its leadsheet lifted neatly from my pocket.

There was only one way to save my interests. I could sell quickly for anything I could get, and then defend my parenthood in court if some rival house brought him out.

I dragged home and crawled into bed to be fresh and aggressive in the morning. I tossed all night long with hobgoblin thoughts playing leapfrog in my brain, but somehow I got a little sleep.

In the morning I picked a publisher at random from the phone book, and was waiting at his door when a girl yawned her way down the corridor from the elevator.

"I've written a song," I explained as she let me in. "I'd like to make an appointment to have someone hear it."

"Here here?" she asked.

"Yes, but what has that to do with it?"

"Listen! You couldn't get an audience for your masterpiece if you were Beethoven."

"Isn't that a little high-handed? How do you know my piece can't go?"

"For the sake of argument, let's say it is. But maybe we've already got something that sounds a little like it. If we don't listen to your stuff, you can't accuse us of stealing. To keep out of trouble, we deal only with established writers."

"Well, how does a writer become established if you won't listen to what he writes?"

"That my friend, is too deep for me. But that's how it is, just the same. Sorry, better try someone else."

And I did—four or five others—all with the same result. I wandered over to Franklin Avenue, wondering if "Yehudi" was on his way to publication. Without doubt, Lucy was an "established writer." The whole set-up looked like a tidy spiderweb. All they had to do was sit around and wait for an idea to drop into the net.

At last, I said to myself, "Just give me five minutes to let that little redhead know she can't fool me forever, and I'll present 'Yehudi' to her along with my best wishes for a dismal flop. Home to Springfield for me!"

Martha's voice greeted me through the tube after I had pushed her bell. I went up in the elevator, marvelling at the deftness of her phony enthusiasm. With such talent it was no wonder the whole family had made good in the theatre.

She laughed as I entered. "My, what a long face you have, Grandmama. But you can smile again. 'Yehudi's' going places."

"I don't want to hear about him I disown him. He's all yours."

"What goes on?" she asked, her face becoming serious. "Don't tell me you are one of these blow-hot, blow-cold temperamentalists."

"No, just a realist. I couldn't sell 'Yehudi' if I gave away coupons with him."

"How do you know?"

"I tried."

"George! You didn't!"

Her eyes took on a troubled look. I suspected that my rounds of the publishers had thrown a monkey-wrench into her plans.

"Look, Martha," I said. "I don't know what it's all about and I admit it. I'm sick of 'Yehudi' and don't want to talk about him. I came over to take you to lunch."

"Wait till I get my hat and gloves," she said.

I wanted to kick myself as I waited. I had come up to tell her off, and five minutes of sparring had left me hanging on the ropes all breathless and wide open for another hay-maker.

"Time you were getting back to Springfield," I told myself severely.

Martha appeared in a slim little number that looked even perkier than yesterday's. We walked to a safe haven. I chose a booth and ordered. She looked at me seriously as we waited.

"What's the trouble, George?" she asked.

"Nothing," I lied. "This town is too complicated for a small-town boy. My niche is arranging for a small Saturday night dance-band, and I'm going back to fill it. I'm going home to Springfield."

"Is that all?" she asked. "You had me worried for a minute. When are you leaving?"

"In a day or two."

Her eyes were dancing again. "I see I've got to give you a pep talk," she giggled. "I want you to do something for me before you go. Will you take Lucy and me out to dinner to-morrow night?"

"Sure," I said, tickled at another chance to see her. "Where shall we go?"

"The Tuscan Gardens."

"Where Earl Elliot's band is playing?" I asked, brightening up.

"The same," she said. "And dig your whole bankroll out of your shoe. It's the awkiest sucker trap on the Strip."

There it was again! A flash of her green eyes, and she had me hooked without a struggle.

It was after eight when I called for them the next evening. They were both bubbling with suppressed excitement as women will when the prospect of a Roman holiday are bright. I didn't exactly share their mood. For one thing, my digestion wasn't up to par. It might have been the loss of sleep, the half-chewed snacks I had been living on, or just pure nervousness and disappointment.

Anyway, before going into the Gardens I bought myself a bottle of soda mints.

FROM the stir our entrance made, Lucy might have owned the place. She, incidentally, had made the reservations for me.

We ordered drinks; we ordered food, but for the life of me I don't remember what we had. We did dance. I remember, and lots of people came over to our table for brief conversations. Most important of all, there was Earl Elliot's band. I had heard it on recordings, but in the flesh it sounded twice as good.

I almost forgot my discomfort when Elliot himself came over to us during an intermission.

"Hello, darling," he said to Lucy, "you look lovely."

"Hey, I'm lovely, too," Martha said, smiling up at him.

"Quiet, infant!" he laughed. "You'll always be a thing of pig-tails and gold braces to me. Aren't you going to introduce me to your boy friend?"

He grinned at me as we shook hands, and then turned back to Lucy. "Everything set for 11.30. Did you get a promise from Marcus?"

"Not a sure one," Lucy answered. "Have you seen him around?"

"Not since about the time you came in."

Lucy frowned. "I suppose he's beat a sneak. This is the best thing I've plugged this season. If I can get him to listen to it, I know he'll publish it."

"It might hit at that," Elliot nodded. "Your orchestration is the best thing you've done this year. I'm going to give you a super-build-up, so sell it big. I'll do one dance number and then get you up for better or for worse."

"Ooah! If Marcus were only here! It's time to spring it. The crowd is loosened up."

Martha was watching me with a funny expression. I knew that she wanted me to ask her to dance, but I couldn't.

The dancers left the floor, and Elliot played a fanfare for attention.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said through the mike, "we have a treat for you. Among our notable guests this evening is one of the sweetest ladies that ever did a Broadway musical. I have just persuaded her to sing for you. She has chosen a brand-new original number which your ears will be the first to hear. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you Miss Lucy Oliver, singing, 'Oh, How I Love Yehudi'."

He crossed the floor to Lucy, escorted her back to the mike, raised

his baton, and the house went dark.

I should have been excited. Earl Elliot's band was playing "Yehudi's" introduction to a select first audience. But I turned suddenly ill and with a hurried excuse, I fled.

There was a small lounge off to the right with a faded sign marked "Green Room." Since the color matched my condition, I entered and plopped down on a lump divan beside a little man who also seemed distressed. We sat there several minutes with our faces in our hands. I happened to remember the soda mints in my pocket, so I fished for the bottle.

My companion watched me sourly as I swallowed a tablet.

"Whatcha got there?" he asked.

"Soda mints," I said. "My stomach feels upset."

"Mine's always upset. Let me try one, will you?"

"Sure. They'll fix you right up," I assured him as I passed the bottle.

"What's your trouble? Stomach ulcers?"

"Naw." He blinked and swallowed a pill. "Night-spot food. I've been living on it for fifteen years. My system just can't take it any more."

"Isn't night-spotting an expensive habit if it makes you sick?" I asked.

"It's my business. I have to scout these joints."

The faint strains of "Yehudi" stopped abruptly. There was a moment of silence and then wave upon wave of wild applause followed. In spite of myself, I turned to listen.

The clapping died down only when Elliot started an encore of the familiar bars. I saw that my fellow-in-misery had also picked up his glass.

"I'll bet that was that new writer's."

"I bet that was that new writer's."

"I bet that was that new writer's."

"I bet that was that new writer's."

"I bet that was that new writer's."

"I bet that was that new writer's."

"I bet that was that new writer's."

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"I bet that was that new writer's."

"I bet that was that new writer's."

piece I was supposed to catch," he said to himself.

Suddenly I saw a light.

"Here! Take another mint," I said, thrusting the bottle into his hands. "Now don't go away! I'll be right back to see how you feel."

In the darkness, I could see that Martha was the only one who wasn't listening to Lucy and the band with complete attention. She was slowly folding and unfolding her napkin as I sidled into the chair beside her.

"Honey," I whispered beneath the music, "Yehudi's in! He's a wow!"

"So what?" she said, raising hurt eyes to mine. "We worked so hard to dress him up for the public. I talked Lucy into getting Earl to plug the number for your sake. She worked all night on the arrangement. And now where is Marcus? It never will be published."

"What do you think I've been doing? I've got Marcus hogtied in the Green Room," I boasted. "I'm going to bring him to the table. Honey, please stop crying. Your mascara's beginning to run."

It was no trouble to get Marcus to follow me down the dim aisle to our table. His relaxed lips showed that the mints had worked their magic on him as they had on me. He sat down without a word and listened as Lucy did a baroque coloratura of the "Ya-hoo" in "Yehudi".

What I saw on his face made my heart pound wildly. I was all set to back in his praise when the lights went up.

Lucy rejoined us. "How'd you like it, Sol?" she asked.

"Fair," Marcus answered with a poker face. "Not much to it, but it's fair. Who wrote it?"

"The young genius on your right," Lucy answered with a wink at me.

"You?" Marcus asked me, showing a little surprise. "Why didn't you tell me you were a writer?"

"You didn't ask me."

"You didn't ask me."

"You didn't ask me."

"You didn't ask me."

"You didn't ask me."

"You didn't ask me."

"You didn't ask me."

"You didn't ask me."

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"You didn't ask me."

"You didn't ask me."

"You didn't ask me."

"You didn't ask me."

Animal Antics



"He tells a good fish story!"

"Come up to the office to-morrow morning," he said. "Maybe we can use some of your stuff sometime. We'll talk it over."

"No, you don't. Sol Marcus," Lucy cut in quickly. "That boy has talent and you know it. He's new, and if he gets up there with you sharks you'll pluck him down to his pinfeathers. You'll talk over contracts with me. I'm his agent!"

"But he ain't arrived!" Marcus walked with a concern that surprised me. "Even if this 'Yehudi' did go over fair to-night, it may be just a flash. What else has he got cooking?"

"The neatest little torcen number that ever expressed the yearning of mankind," I said. Then I groped for Martha's hand beneath the table.

"It's entitled, 'I Gotta Make My Sweetie Whisper Yes'."

(Copyright)

WORTH Reporting

AS Mr. Bill Hall goes down Sydney Harbor in his launch at week-ends, and the sailing boats, motor boats, and canoes go by, he hears the familiar hail: "Did you get a photo, Bill?"

For Bill, or "Pop," as his customers and friends call him, is well known on the harbor. He does the same job as a street photographer, but on the water.

And his father did it in 1886.

Mr. Hall has photographs which his father took of those lovely, half-forgotten sailing ships, *Aristides*, *Pericles*, *Macquarie*, *Cimber*, *Brilliant*, and *Neotsfield*. He himself has taken the *Joseph Conrad* and the *Pamir*, but he's just as interested in the small boys who wobble past him in a leaky tin canoe.

Anything on the water is his subject, he says.

A young man and a girl on a yacht pose prettily; the whole crew on another spares the time to say "Cheese." But they don't really care if their faces don't show up.

All that matters is that their craft will come out well. For owners think the world of their ships, whether they're sea-going yachts or dinghies.

"The bigger the blow, the better the enjoyment," says Mr. Hall. "Light-weather sailors aren't yachtsmen. It's wonderful to see the boats come wheeling past."

"I use 100 negatives a day at week-ends. My camera's under cover, and I go wherever I fancy."

Mr. Hall often has commissions to photograph modern liners. Among his pictures is one of the *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth* passing each other through Sydney Heads.

He was ready with his camera for the arrival of American warships from the South Pole.

Their ships should make fine pictures to add to his immense collection.

During World Wars I and II Mr. Kent did aerial photography for defence purposes, but his main interest is in industrial photography.

He has taken many hundreds of photographs of factories and industrial plants, which commissioned him to get aerial shots of their buildings in construction.

EXPERTS in the beauty business of the United States, choosing the "True American Beauty," found a girl whom the judges (a committee of California artists) praised thus:

"In the past generation or two, the natural fresh-faced Saxon beauty has been obscured by polyglot types. Miss Davis' beauty is classic. It compares with the eternal charm of Lady Hamilton or Mrs. Siddons."

The girl thus praised is Miss Beryl Davis, 22-year-old radio singer, now in Hollywood to make a film.

She finds her title, "True American Beauty," strange.

- For she is 100 per cent. British.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS

THE LITTLE SCOUTS

THE LITTLE SCOUTS

THE LITTLE SCOUTS

Brighter heads

HAIR-PLAITS and chignons colored to match frocks are being made in Sydney by an ex-serviceman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. G. Aitchison.

They started making ordinary hair padding, trading under the maiden name of Mrs. Aitchison, which was Nancy Major.

"Then," said Mr. Aitchison, "as women paint their fingernails and toenails, we thought, why not bring color to their hair?"

He showed us chignons, plaits, and doughnuts made from a mohair mixture in bright colors—blue, green, yellow, and red. The hair may be matched, but anyone who plans a startling effect can and a snip of dress material. This is matched with the colored hair, which tones with the general scheme just like a hat.

Mr. Aitchison believes beach girls will like them to wear with floral costumes.

CONVERSATION lollies, beloved of childhood, can once more be bought in Melbourne. But they have a new name. You ask for "Watercracks."

Lights out

A WELL-KNOWN Melbourne sportsman has installed in the billiard-room of his home an automatic switch which cuts off the electric current and plunges the room in darkness at 10.30 p.m.

An automatic clock is adjusted so that the lights won't switch on again until 6 p.m. the following day.

He explained that before the curfew system was installed a month ago he and his friends were unable to tear themselves away from the table until the early hours of the morning.

Now they have to speed up their shots like cricketers chasing runs in a four-day match.

NOTICE in a Sydney bread shop: "Why be difficult when with a little effort you can be impossible?"

Do you suffer from Dull

"EARLY MORNING" HEADACHES?

Quick, safe relief with Anacin



Everyone knows that dull, early morning headache with that "out of sorts" feeling, caused by constipation. Just two Anacin tablets will bring you fast, safe relief from these kind of headaches.

AMAZING SPEED! Anacin tablets work at an amazing speed. Every tablet is a combination of four medically proven agents. Four ingredients — that's one more than any other anti-pain remedy. And, it's the action of this extra ingredient that makes Anacin's relief so much swifter.

ANACIN

REGISTERED TRADE MARK



Two bring fast relief

Because they work so fast, two Anacin tablets will frequently do the work of much larger doses of ordinary anti-pain powders and tablets. So — Anacin is cheaper in the long run, as well as being more effective for all headaches.

Change now to Anacin!

If you have been using the same headache remedy over a long period of time, then for faster, relief doctors advise a change to Anacin. Sold at all chemists in packets of 12, tins of 30, bottles of 50 and 100.



DO YOU KNOW?

TEETH OUTSHINE JEWELS!

MOHAMMEDANS

DECLARE THAT A BEJEWELLED WOMAN IS LIKE A BEJEWELLED BEAR, WISE MEN DO NOT LOOK AT WHAT IS ON HER BUT AT HER TEETH! KEEP YOUR TEETH SPARKLING AND HEALTHY

WITH KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS CLEANS TEETH SURGICALLY — HELPS PREVENT DENTAL DECAY.

REAL CAUSE OF DENTAL DECAY!



RECENT EXPERIMENTS PROVE NUTRITIONAL DEFICIENCY IN ADULT TEETH IS FALLACY — ORIGIN OF DECAY IS PRIMARILY BACTERIAL OR PHYSICAL. DENTAL DECAY GERMS BREED IN THOSE FOOD PARTICLES WEDGED BETWEEN YOUR TEETH. KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM'S ACTIVE FOAM PENETRATES SWIRLS AWAY CONCEALED FOOD FRAGMENTS DESTROYS DENTAL DECAY GERMS.

AUSTRALIAN BABY BORN WITH TEETH!



CLARE CUTLER, BABY DAUGHTER OF MRS. I. CUTLER, BASSENDON, W.A., WAS ACTUALLY BORN WITH TWO FRONT TEETH!

CLARE AT 3 MONTHS BORN APRIL 30th 1946

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM



"Ye get more for y'r Money"

KOLYNOS SAVES YOU MONEY IT GOES TWICE AS FAR AS ORDINARY TOOTHPASTE BECAUSE IT'S CONCENTRATED — HALF AN INCH ON YOUR BRUSH IS ALL YOU NEED.



Dream means DEATH!

OLD SUPERSTITION "TO DREAM A TOOTH FALLS OUT IS TO HEAR NEXT DAY OF THE DEATH OF A FRIEND." OF COURSE TODAY SUCH SUPERSTITIONS ARE IGNORED BUT REMEMBER YOU CAN NEVER AFFORD TO IGNORE DENTAL HYGIENE. USE KOLYNOS REGULARLY. KOLYNOS THOROUGHLY CLEANS YOUR TEETH COMPLETELY REFRESHES YOUR WHOLE MOUTH.

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

UNFAVORABLE conditions are likely for Virgoans, Sagittarians, and Gemini's this week, and they are advised to guard against trouble until March 21.

Cancerians, Librans, and Capricornians may also strike discord after this date, but for other groups the present week promises good fortune and happiness.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Good weeks fall due after March 21, so make plans well ahead. March 22 (except sunset hours) and 24 (except mid-evening) can be excellent. Seek gains, changes.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): March 18, 19, and 20 (early) poor, but 22 (except forenoon) and 25 (after 11 a.m.) quite helpful in minor affairs.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): A tricky week so be very cautious and patient until March 22 (late), March 23 (afternoon), and 24 (to 8 p.m.), can be pleasant.

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): A week for birthright, good to March 21 (late), but destructive for some weeks. Use March 26 (after 3 p.m.), and 21 to make changes, but 22 (tricky), 23 and 24 poor.

LEO (July 22 to August 22): March 18, 19, and 20 (early) poor, but 22 (except sunset) and 24 (except 8 p.m. to 10 p.m.) excellent for progress and gains.

VIRGO (August 22 to Sept. 22): Things improve shortly, though not to any special degree.



"This lesson teaches poise."

major degree. Meanwhile, avoid changes and discord until March 22 (late).

LIERA (Sept. 22 to Oct. 22): Not urgent matters. Reached on March 18 (except forenoon), 19 (except 3 p.m. to 8 p.m.), and 20 (before 11 a.m.). Then live quietly for the next few weeks.

SCORPIO (Oct. 22 to Nov. 22): March 18, 19, and 20 (to dusk) poor, but 20 (evening) and 21 (to 8 p.m.) excellent. March 22 (except 4 p.m. to 7 p.m.) and 24 (after 11 a.m.) can prove fortunate.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22 to Dec. 22): A serious week, with many difficulties before March 22, so live quietly. March 23 (except 4 p.m. to 7 p.m.) and 24 (after 11 a.m.) can prove fortunate.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 22): Very poor conditions prevail for the next few weeks, so live quietly. March 18 (forenoon), 19 (afternoon), 22, and 24 all advise us to keep to routine tasks.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 22 to Feb. 22): March 18, 19 (except 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.), 20 (to dusk), 21, and 24 (to 7 p.m.) all helpful. March 22 poor.

PISCES (Feb. 22 to March 22): A fortunate period. Best days March 18, 20 (after sunset), 22, and 23 (after midday), so live well.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. Jane Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

Your Coupons

TEA: 5-16 (5-8 expire March 30).
SUGAR: 81-8 (cumulative).
BUTTER: 10-12 (expire March 30).
MEAT: Black 22-24 (expire March 30, when 20-22 become available);
Green 22-24 (expire March 30, when 20-22 become available);
CLOTHING: 227-112 (expire June 30, 1947), 1-56 (current).



Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, have set out to rescue beautiful, but foolhardy **MARSHA DALE:** Who has disappeared. She and her guide attempted to climb to the top of Glass Mountain, supposedly haunted by a ghost bear. Mandrake and Lothar, roped together, have difficulty in mounting the icy slopes. Suddenly a huge icicle crashes down, missing them by a fraction. As Mandrake looks at it, Lothar sees something terrifying, and bolts. Mandrake is dragged along and knocked unconscious. Then Lothar turns to face the ghost bear. Seized in its grip, Lothar and Mandrake are taken up the mountain side. NOW READ ON:



MANDRAKE AND LOTHAR, BOTH UNCONSCIOUS, ARE "LED" UP THE ICY SLOPES OF GLASS MOUNTAIN BY AN UNUSUAL "GUIDE"....



--AND ARE LEFT AT THE DOOR OF A STRANGE HOUSE OF GLASS, HIDDEN AMONG THE ICY PEAKS AT THE MOUNTAIN'S SUMMIT!

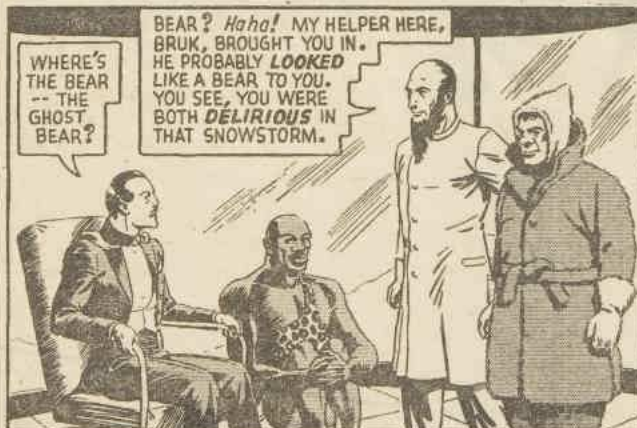


TWO MEN APPEAR FROM THE HOUSE AND INSPECT THE PROSTRATE FORMS OF MANDRAKE AND LOTHAR.



WHERE--ARE WE?

AH, MY GUESTS ARE THEMSELVES AGAIN. WELCOME TO GLASS INN. I'M GRATZ, PROPRIETOR. I PUT YOUR VALUABLES IN THE VAULT, WHILE YOU WERE UNCONSCIOUS. FOR SAFE-KEEPING, OF COURSE.



WHERE'S THE BEAR--THE GHOST BEAR?

BEAR? Haha! MY HELPER HERE, BRUK, BROUGHT YOU IN. HE PROBABLY LOOKED LIKE A BEAR TO YOU. YOU SEE, YOU WERE BOTH DELIRIOUS IN THAT SNOWSTORM.



YOU SUFFERED FROM A TYPE OF TEMPORARY MADNESS, WHICH I CALL SNOW-MADNESS. MANY SUFFER FROM IT AT THIS ALTITUDE. THEY THINK THEY SEE BEARS AND ALL SORTS OF THINGS. JUST ILLUSIONS, I ASSURE YOU.



Hmm--MR. GRATZ, WE'RE SEARCHING FOR MISS MARSHA DALE AND HER GUIDE. THEY CLIMBED THE MOUNTAIN YESTERDAY. ARE THEY HERE?

NOT NOW. THEY WENT ON A WALKING TRIP, BUT THEY'LL BE BACK. NOW, PLEASE MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME AND EXCUSE ME.



ME NOT DELIRIOUS? I SAW BEAR. FELT BEAR! HIM SQUASHED ME IN PAWS!

WHEN I WATCHED MARSHA THROUGH THE TELESCOPE, SHE WAS ATTACKED BY SOMETHING! STRANGE, NO ONE IN THE VALLEY MENTIONED THIS GLASS INN. I WONDER WHAT KIND OF A PLACE IT IS?

TO BE CONTINUED



Dining at 6.30...

and she arrives cool,
poised and radiantly fresh.

For a woman made beautiful
with Cyclax Preparations
is confident of looking her best
at all hours of the day.



M E L B O U R N E . N E W Y O R K . L O N D O N

A GARDENER who had been Poirot shrewdly suspected, resting on his spade began digging with fervor. Poirot approached nearer. The man, a young fellow, dug with ardor, his back to Poirot, who paused to observe him. "Good morning," said Poirot amiably.

A muttered "Morning, sir," was the response, but the man did not stop working.

Poirot was a little surprised. In his experience a gardener, though anxious to appear zealously at work as you approached, was usually only so willing to pause and pass the time of day when directly addressed.

It seemed, he thought, a little unusual. He stood there for some minutes, watching the toiling figure.

Was there, or was there not, something a little familiar about the turn of those shoulders? Or could it be, thought Hercule Poirot, that he was getting into a habit of thinking that both voices and shoulders were familiar when they were really nothing of the kind? Was he, as he feared last night, growing old?

He passed thoughtfully onward out of the walled garden and paused to regard a rising slope of shrubbery outside.

Presently, like some fantastic moon, a round object rose gently over the top of the kitchen garden wall. It was the egg-shaped head of Hercule Poirot, and the eyes of Hercule Poirot regarded with a good deal of interest the face of the young gardener, who had now stopped digging and was passing a sleeve across his wet face.

"Very curious and very interesting," murmured Hercule Poirot as he discreetly lowered his head once more.

He emerged from the shrubbery and brushed off some twigs and leaves that were spoiling the neatness of his apparel.

Yes, indeed, very curious and interesting that Frank Carter, who had a secretarial job in the country, should be working as a gardener in the employment of Alistair Blunt.

Reflecting on these points, Hercule Poirot heard a gong in the distance and retraced his steps towards the house. On the way there he encountered his host talking to Miss Montresor, who had just emerged from the kitchen garden by the farther door.

Her voice rose clear and distinct: "It's very kind of you, Alistair, but I would prefer not to accept any invitations this week while your American relations are with you!"

"Julia's rather a tactless woman," Blunt said, "but she doesn't mean—"

"In my opinion," Miss Montresor interrupted, "her manner to me is very insolent, and I will not put up with insolence—from American women or any others!"

She moved away. Poirot came up to find Alistair Blunt looking as sheepish as most men look who are having trouble with their female relatives. He said ruefully: "Women really are difficult! Good morning, Mr. Poirot. Lovely day, isn't it?"

They turned towards the house and Blunt said with a sigh: "I do miss my wife."

In the dining-room, he turned to the redoubtable Julia.

"I'm afraid, Julia, you've rather hurt Helen's feelings."

"The Scotch are always touchy," Mrs. Olivera said grimly.

Alistair Blunt looked unhappy.

Hercule Poirot said: "You have a young gardener, I noticed, whom I think you must have taken on recently."

"I dare say," said Blunt. "Yes, Burton, one of my gardeners, left about three weeks ago, and we took this fellow on instead."

"Do you remember where he came from?"

"I really don't. MacAllister engaged him. Somebody or other asked me to give him a trial, I think. Recommended him warmly. I'm rather surprised, because MacAllister says he isn't much good. He wants to sack him again."

"What is his name?"

"Dunning—Sunbury—something like that."

"Would it be a great impertinence to ask what you pay him?"

Alistair Blunt looked amused.

One, Two, Buckle My Shoe

Continued from page 7

"Not at all. Three pounds fifteen, I think it is."

"Not more?"

"Certainly not more—might be a bit less."

"Now that," said Poirot, "is very curious."

Alistair Blunt looked at him inquiringly.

But Jane Olivera, rustling the paper, distracted the conversation.

"A lot of people seem to be out for your blood, Uncle Alistair!"

"Oh, you're reading the debate in the House. That's all right. Only Archerton—he's always tilting at windmills. And he's got the most crazy ideas of finance. If we let him have his way, England would be bankrupt in a week."

"Don't you ever want to try anything new?" Jane demanded.

"Not unless it's an improvement on the old, my dear."

"But you'd never think it would be. You'd always say, 'This would never work'—without even trying."

"Experimentalists can do a lot of harm."

"Yes, but how can you be satisfied with things as they are? All the waste and the inequality and the unfairness? Something must be done about it!"

"We get along pretty well in this country, Jane, all things considered."

Jane said passionately: "What's needed is a new heaven and a new earth! And you sit there eating kidneys!"

She got up and went out by the french window into the garden.

Alistair Blunt looked mildly surprised and a little uncomfortable.

He said: "Jane has changed a lot lately. Where does she get all these ideas?"

"Take no notice of what Jane says," said Mrs. Olivera. "Jane's a very silly girl. You know what girls are—they go to these queer parties in studios where the young men have funny ties and they come home and talk a lot of nonsense."

"Yes, but Jane was always rather a hard-boiled young woman."

"It's just a fashion, Alistair, these things are in the air!"

Alistair Blunt said: "Yes, they're in the air, all right." He looked a little worried.

Mrs. Olivera rose and Poirot opened the door for her. She swept out frowning to herself.

"I don't like it, you know," Blunt said suddenly. "Everybody's talking this sort of stuff. And it doesn't mean anything! It's all hot air! I find myself up against it the whole time—a new heaven and a new earth. What does it mean? They can't tell you themselves. They're just drunk on words."

He smiled suddenly, rather ruefully.

"I'm one of the last of the Old Guard, you know."

Poirot said curiously: "If you were removed, what would happen?"

"Removed! What a way of putting it!" His face grew suddenly grave. "I'll tell you. A lot of fools would try a lot of very costly experiments. And that would be the end of stability—of commonsense, of solvency. In fact, of England..."

Poirot nodded his head. He was essentially in sympathy with the banker. He, too, approved of solvency. And he began to realise with a new meaning just exactly what Alistair Blunt stood for. Mr. Barnes had told him, but he had hardly taken it in then. Quite suddenly, he was afraid.

An hour or so after breakfast, Blunt, who had been dictating letters in his study, emerged and said boyishly to Poirot: "Now, thank goodness, I'm free to show you my garden."

The two men went out together and Blunt talked eagerly of his hobby.

The rock garden, with its rare alpine plants, was his greatest joy and they spent some time there while Blunt pointed out certain minute and rare species.

Hercule Poirot listened patiently, shifting his weight tenderly from

one foot to the other and wincing slightly as the heat of the sun caused the illusion that his feet were gigantic puddings.

His host strolled on, pointing out various plants in the wide border. Bees were humming and from near at hand came the monotonous clicking of a pair of shears trimming a laurel hedge.

It was all very drowsy and peaceful.

Blunt paused at the end of the border, looking back. The clip of the shears was quite close by, though the clipper was concealed from view.

"Look at the vista down from here, Poirot. The sweet williams are particularly fine this year. I don't know when I've seen them so good—and those are Russell lupins. Marvellous colors."

Crack! The shot broke the peace of the morning. Something saag angrily through the air. Alistair Blunt turned bewildered to where a faint thread of smoke was rising from the middle of the laurels.

There was a sudden outcry of angry voices, the laurels heaved as two men struggled together. A high-pitched American voice sang out resolutely: "I've got you, you scoundrel! Drop that gun!"

Two men struggled out into the open. The young gardener who had dug so industriously that morning was writhing in the powerful grip of a man nearly a head taller.

Poirot recognised the latter at once. He had already guessed from the voice.

"Let me go," Frank Carter was shouting. "It wasn't me, I tell you! I never did."

"Oh, no?" Howard Raikes said. "Just shooting at the birds, I suppose!"

He stopped—looking at the newcomers.

"Mr. Alistair Blunt? This guy here has just taken a pot shot at you. I caught him right in the act."

"It's a lie!" Carter cried out. "I was clipping the hedge. I heard a shot and the gun fell right here at



"If within the next 15 minutes you hear a musical note you'll know you're tuned to some other station."

my feet. I picked it up—that's only natural, that is—and then this bloke jumped on me."

"The gun was in your hand and it had just been fired!" Raikes said grimly.

With a final gesture, he tossed the pistol to Poirot.

"Let's see what that dick's got to say about it! Lucky I got hold of you in time. I guess there are several more shots in that automatic of yours."

"Precisely," Poirot murmured.

Blunt was frowning angrily. He said sharply: "Now then, Dunning—Dunbury—what's your name?"

Hercule Poirot interrupted.

"This man's name is Frank Carter," he said.

Carter turned on him furiously.

"You've had it in for me all along! You came spying on me that Sunday. I tell you, it's not true. I never shot at him."

"Then, in that case, who did?" Poirot asked. "There is no one else here but ourselves, you see."

Jane Olivera came running along the path, her eyes wide with fear. She gasped: "Howard?"

"Hullo, Jane," Howard Raikes greeted her lightly. "I've just been saving your uncle's life."

"Oh!" She stopped. "You have?"

"Your arrival certainly seems to have been very opportune, Mr.—" Blunt hesitated.

"This is Howard Raikes, Uncle Alistair. He's a friend of mine."

Blunt looked at Raikes—he smiled.

"Oh!" he said. "So you are Jane's young man! I must thank you."

With a puffing noise as of a steam engine at high pressure Julia Olivera appeared on the scene.

"I heard a shot," she panted. "Is Alistair—Why—" she stared blankly at Howard Raikes. "You? Why, why, how dare you?"

"Howard has just saved Uncle Alistair's life, mother," Jane said lightly.

"What? I—I—"

"This man tried to shoot Uncle Alistair and Howard grabbed him and took the pistol away from him."

"You're liars, all of you," Frank Carter said violently.

Mrs. Olivera, her jaw dropping, said blankly: "Oh!"

It took her a minute or two to readjust her pulse. She took Blunt's arm, leaning on it heavily, and they started for the house.

Blunt looked over his shoulder at Poirot and Howard Raikes.

"Can you bring that fellow along?" he asked. "We'll ring up the police and hand him over."

Frank Carter opened his mouth, but no words came. He was dead white, and his knees were willing. Howard Raikes hauled him along with an unsympathetic hand.

"Come on, you," he said.

Please turn to page 30

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript, or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be between 2500 to 3000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4883W, G.P.O., Sydney.

What's on your mind?

Youth cannot "take it" in the country

WOULD the middle-aged men who cannot find jobs in the city consider bush work that involves a certain amount of manual labor? The young men, as I see them, simply want to sit on a seat and let a machine do the real work.

As a grazer, and one-time wheat-farmer, I have never had much respect for the foresight, if any, displayed by city interests.

Any practical bushman will, I feel sure, endorse my own opinion that a horse or dog with a bit of age is infinitely better than a young one, except perhaps in speed.

The older animal has experience, and is therefore more versatile, more reliable, and has, under normal conditions, more endurance. This is simply because it does not knock itself about, covering the same ground twice.

If in animals, why not in Man?

A man at middle age is not old, unless he burnt himself out under 30. His mental powers of deduction and judgment are overwhelmingly greater than in his twenties. Now in the country to-day, youth won't or can't take it. Possibly I have thrown a spanner into the works, but give me a middle-aged man every time to-day.

What is middle age?

Half of 70 equals 35—a man's prime!

El to A. M. Kerslake, Box 42, P.O., Barmen, N.S.W.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published under pen-names. Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned. Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Wants a one-piece

THE new type of bathing costume caters for only one group of women—16 to 30 years of age, and slim in build. This particular type is only about 10 per cent. of the female population, and those who look nice in the new costumes are



an even smaller proportion. So why aren't there more of the old-style, woollen one-piece made?

After a tour of the shops it looks as though I'll never be able to swim again. I certainly don't intend to bulge out of any of the new monstrosities, and I'm not interested in starvation diets to whittle away the curves.

5/- to Mrs. Bernadette Tully, 16 Sheffield St., Kingsgrove, N.S.W.

Our rightful domain

"THERE'D be no more wars if we had more women in Parliament!" said the lady on the tram. There are many who believe that.

In reality, a woman is often the influence behind a man's decision to go to war. War posters put out by the Government recognised that fact.

These posters presumed truly that while a man is often honest enough to admit some lack of physical courage to his male friends, he does not admit any such thing to a woman. This is true of all male animals, and is part of the involved mechanism of sex.

Women, quick to become enemy-haters in war, weep when their men leave, but mix their anxiety with peculiar satisfaction when he is in the thick of it. They are generally intensely patriotic, and find it hard to think in terms of international brotherhood. More often than men they cry, "My country, right or wrong!"

For this and other reasons, it was never more important that women should remain in their rightful domain—the home.

5/- to Guy B. H. Saunders, "Leewood Gardens," Glen Osmond P.O., S.A.

Do it yourself

I have read a number of letters in "What's On Your Mind?" In many of these, the writers ask: "Why doesn't somebody do this?" or "When will some enterprising firm make this?"

They forget that they have as much chance of inventing or manufacturing something new or different as the majority of Australians.

5/- to Valerie Lewis, 64 Carnarvon St., Victoria Park, W.A.

Progressive farmers of to-morrow hold show

Girl carries off cattle prizes and boy wins in cookery section

By staff reporter JOAN POWE

Two Junior Farmers, Ronald Parker, 13, and his brother Bruce, 16, sons of the bankteller at Gerringong, N.S.W., have formed their own business partnership, Parker Bros., to raise and sell Shorthorn calves.

They buy the calves when they are a few weeks old, and raise them on an acre and a half paddock behind the bank. All the expenses of rearing them come out of their own pockets, and they resell them to stock-owners when fully grown.

BUT their main interest in starting the partnership is to rear really good calves for show purposes.

Their prize exhibit, Damsel 13th, an Australian Illawarra Shorthorn heifer, carried off two blue ribbons and a championship at the Gerringong District Junior Farmers' Agricultural Show recently.

It has been unbeaten in shows on the South Coast, and will be exhibited in the Junior Farmers' Section of the Royal Agricultural Show in Sydney in April.

In the past few weeks the boys have had several offers up to £50 for Damsel 13th, but they don't intend to sell.

"We bought her for £5 when she was a few weeks old, and she's the best calf we've had. We want to see her carry off a few more trophies yet," Bruce, the senior partner, said.

The success of the brothers' scheme is just another instance of the way the Junior Farmers' Movement is helping young people in the country to become self-reliant and interested in the land as a living.

Although they are not farmers sons, and have little land at their disposal, they decided on the partnership as a hobby four years ago, shortly after joining the movement.

Now both are determined to stay on the land, and buy their own stud property later on.

The Junior Farmers' Movement is Australia-wide.

Its purpose has been to prevent the drift of young people to the city, and to teach the rural youth to appreciate the various aspects of planned farming.

New South Wales has the largest membership—19,000—of all States.

In Victoria and Western Australia the movement is known as Young Farmers' Clubs, and in Queensland as the Home Project Movement, which is run through schools by the Education Department.

South Australia also has Junior Farmers' Clubs, but they are not as widespread through country districts as those in New South Wales.

Each Junior Farmer chooses his or her own project, such as pasture improvement, stock raising, or the cultivation of crops, and the Education Department appoints district supervisors to inspect projects and give any instruction that is needed.



PARKER BROS. Ron (left) and Bruce with their champion calf Damsel 13th, after the Show.



VERSATILE YOUNG FARMER, Enid Warby, 12, of Jamberoo, shows some of her prize-winning vegetables.

District supervisors also make sure that stock and produce entered in Junior Farmers' Shows are reared or grown by the exhibitor alone.

Stock which does not carry the official tattoo of the Junior Farmers' Club is liable for disqualification.

Every branch of the movement holds its annual show, where prizes are given for the best exhibits in each section, which include calf and cow raising, vegetables and farm produce, ring events, handicraft, and cooking.

More than 130 members of the Gerringong Club from surrounding

districts entered exhibits in its 11th show, arranging for transport and supervision themselves.

Judges were selected from leading farmers on the South Coast, all of whom were ex-members of Junior Farmers' Clubs.

One of the most successful exhibitors this year in sections which usually attract only boys was a 12-year-old girl Junior Farmer, Enid Warby, of "Risborough," Jamberoo.

She won two first prizes with her Ayrshire calves, Gentle, which car-

ried off the ribbon for the best dairy heifer under two years, and Sally, which was judged the best dairy heifer under 12 months.

She also won two second prizes and a third with other entries in the calf and cow raising section, and five firsts for exhibits in the vegetables and farm produce sections.

Only child of Mr. R. C. Warby, a stud farmer just out of Gerringong, Enid has been a member of the Junior Farmers' Club for several years, and has won 46 prizes with her pony Brasso.

She will ride in the Royal Show this year in a team of four riders under 14, with Sarah Borden and Rosemary and Georgina Ashton.

"Enid has always been very keen on rural things, but she's not much good in the house, I'm afraid," her father said ruefully.

Enid carried off prizes for the best-grown cabbage, spinach, tomatoes, cucumbers, and squash against six boy competitors in the under 14 section.

She was just beaten as the most successful exhibitor in the whole vegetable section by an 18-year-old boy, Kevin Graham, of Gerringong, who has been exhibiting vegetables for six years.

But she received her greatest thrill over the success of her two calves in the show. It was the sixth blue ribbon which Gentle had won, and she is still unbeaten in Junior Farmer contests along the coast.

Enid did not enter in any of the sewing, cooking, or handicraft sections provided for girl members.

One courageous young man en-



TASTY. Stuart Campbell and judge Miss Alice Musgrove sample cakes which won him first prize in cooking section.

tered in the cooking section, however, and surprised the judges and himself by being awarded first prize for his patty cakes against seven other entrants.

He is Stuart Campbell, 14, of Gerringong, who was rather bashful at the unexpected honor, and preferred to turn the conversation to his other prizes in the cattle section.

Stuart said that his two sisters, Lilian, 7, and Maria, 18, were "too young or too old to do any cooking," so he often made the patty cakes at home from a recipe of his mother's.

But this wasn't his only prize, and he finally steered the conversation on to the more masculine aspects of junior farming.

In the calf and cow raising section he won three blue ribbons, and one of his entries, Rosebud, was judged the champion Churnsey calf under 12 months.

The calves were given to him by his father, and like most of the boys in the club, he intends to stay on the land and eventually have his own farm.

Standard of entries at the Show was so high that during the judging of the Jersey calf section a slight hitch took place.

Two Junior Farmers tied for the championship on points, but there was only one ribbon available.

Judge Mr. Keith Gray, of the Jersey stud The Meadows, Albion Park, had a hurried consultation with the secretary, Colin Sharpe, about cutting the ribbon in two.

But it was finally decided to toss for the ribbon, and send for a second one, and it went to 14-year-old Norman Timm's calf, The Meadow Sea Queen.

Loer, Ian Lamedaine, of Tooloona, was philosophical. His calf Musk would still get half the prize-money.

Twelve-year-old Ian, who is the son of a farmer, was the only boy I met who doesn't want to stay on the land.

He feels the life is not exciting enough, and wants something adventurous, such as being pilot of a passenger plane.

But the Junior Farmers' Movement has given most of its members a keener interest in all aspects of country life, and the opportunity to specialise, while still young, in the branch of farming which interests them most.

It is making sure that these farmers of to-morrow will be the most progressive and well trained the country can produce.



CATTLE JUDGING was carried out in heavy rain. Here Enid Warby and her calf Sally (closest to camera) await judging for best Ayrshire heifer under 12 months.

IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice

● The problem of a girl who wants to leave home and set up a bachelor-girl establishment is raised by a letter this week.

In answering it I have tried to deal fairly with the two points of view inseparable from this situation—that of the parents and that of the daughter.

HERE is the letter which expresses the daughter's dissatisfaction with her life at home.

"I WANT to leave my family and live on my own. I am 22 and have a fairly good job with excellent prospects. There hasn't been any quarrel. I just want to be on my own, where I can express my own personality by creating my own background, cook the sort of food I like to give my friends, and use my own ideas about decoration, and so on. My home is quite nice, but I feel cramped as an only child with two doting parents. I suppose I'll marry in a few years. I can't see that there is anything awful about wanting to be a bachelor girl for a time before settling down."

I see nothing awful about it either. But I do think there are one or two aspects that you may not have sufficiently considered.

First, it is perfectly natural for parents to look forward to having a daughter with them during the years between her leaving school and marrying.

Second: Have you thought that a bachelor girl's life is grand only when you are on top of the wave? Then it's lots of fun entertaining friends to amusing little dinners tossed up in a pocket-handkerchief kitchen.

You aren't always on top of the wave. There are times when you are ill or unhappy, and your friends are busy with their own lives and haven't much time for you or your troubles.

That's when it isn't so much fun. I think that girls CAN live at home (not that they necessarily MUST) and still achieve the freedom and independence they crave.

As an only child you have an excellent opportunity to be a bachelor girl at home.

This is what I'd do if I were you:

Redecorate your room, making it primarily a bed-sitting room, the sort you'd have if you were living on your own. When you have guests, entertain them there. Use the family kitchen for preparing the meals you'll serve on a little table in your own apartment.

Give my play six months' trial. If it doesn't work out, you're no worse off. Your parents will have seen that it isn't possible for you to lead the sort of life you want to at home, and you can talk about making other arrangements.

"WE live in an outer suburb where it is something of an event if new people come to live nearby. I have taken a fancy to some people whose house is almost complete, and would like to welcome them when they move in. How would I go about it? I want to be neighborly without seeming pushing."

Your new neighbors probably would appreciate it if you were to pop in on moving day and ask if there is anything you could get for them at the shops.

You could perhaps be helpful, too, in offering to ask tradesmen to call, or supplying any other local information. But make your visit a very brief one, and be guided by their manner as to any further overtures.



Write for advice on your problem

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published.

Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

She will deal with letters only and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions. You must have professional advice on those.

"NOW that the children are almost grown up they have taken to bringing their young friends into the house at all hours, and always seem to expect some kind of a snack. I am only too happy to see them enjoying themselves, but at that age they don't seem to think that food costs money, or that butter and tea are rationed. My housekeeping budget just won't stretch to teas, suppers, and extra meals for the children's friends."

Because it shows that your children are hospitable, friendly young people, the fact that they regard their home as the natural place to bring their acquaintances is important in itself. But I agree with you that a tightly budgeted household can't withstand unlimited raiding parties of hungry youngsters.

Why not have a talk with your older children, explain that you love to see their friends, but suggest that in future they cater in part for themselves, using their pocket money.

"WHEN we became engaged, I gave my fiancée a ruby-and-gold ring that used to belong to my mother. I thought she would like it and be glad to save money toward our marriage. Though she tried to look pleased, I could see she would rather have had something bought at the jeweller's to show her friends."

All girls love a pretty engagement ring. Some, foolishly, prefer their fiancé to buy them an expensive one, when the money could be better spent on furnishing their future home.

Personally I think it charming to wear a ring that has a sentimental value. But fashions in jewellery change, and perhaps your mother's ring is a little heavy and old-fashioned in setting for these days. Why not suggest to your fiancée that you have it restyled in a more modern setting?

"ALTHOUGH I like a certain man very much I have refused to go out with him any more, because he always embarrasses me by calling taxi-drivers, waiters, and tramguards George. They nearly always look annoyed, and I feel so self-conscious."

I can't say that I blame either you or the taxi-driver. Happen to be calling people George is in the poorest possible taste; offensive if their name happens to be Frank or Edward, perhaps doubly offensive if their name is George.

Why don't you put this point of view to your friend? The chances are that he has never bothered to consider the other person's discomfort.

"I AM going to my first big dance soon, and want to have a real evening dress of blue satin trimmed with sequins, and an upswept hair-do. My mother has chosen a style in pale pink with puff sleeves, and wants me to wear my hair loose, as I do now. Don't you agree that I will look too schoolgirlish?"

Your mother is right about the hair. It is much smarter to wear it loose, especially if it is very well groomed and has little bows or a flower tucked into it.

Pink or any pastel color sounds ideal for your first dance. But perhaps—very tactfully—you might break her down about the puff sleeves.

Show her some fashion pictures of the new cap sleeves. They cover your shoulders and are much smarter.

"A GIRL I take out professes to be very fond of me. Yet she doesn't prove it by volunteering to give up smoking. I am a non-smoker. I don't object to her smoking, and don't consider I have the right to do so. But when you don't smoke yourself it isn't very pleasant to be with someone who always smells of cigarettes. Doesn't it seem to you that if she is as fond of me as she makes out, she would think of it herself?"

It does rather. But some people aren't very sensitive about other people's discomfort. I'm glad you say that you neither object to her smoking nor consider you have the right to do so. That would be both silly and pompous.

I do think, though, that she might be considerate and not smoke when you are together. Lots of girls have given up cigarettes because their fiancés or husbands haven't smoked. That seems to me a very gracious and thoughtful action.

You'll be lengths ahead...

when YOU find out what TESTS have proved



Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter

YOU'RE BOUND TO FIND new brightness in your teeth... new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove in just one week Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium—the exclusive, patented cleansing ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the dingy film... floats it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner... in just one week they look far brighter!



For the safety of your smile—use Pepsodent twice a day... see your dentist twice a year.

PL 1.22



So relaxed and comfortable after his bath with PEARS

Baby's delicate skin needs Pears—a soap of clear transparency. You have simply to hold a tablet up to the light to SEE that Pears is utterly pure. Perfect for baby, matchless for your own complexion.



PL 16.27



CHEERY PICNIC CLUB. President Arthur Cobcroft, of Herbert Park, Armidale, and his charming wife, Marjorie, with Eustice Simpson, who was judge at the races.



VICE-PRESIDENT NORMAN STRELITZ chats with his jockey, who rides horse Almoorat, while Mrs. Strelitz and honorary secretary Eustice Almoorat is name of Strelitz' property Tarcoola, outside Armidale.



WAITING to receive their winnings. Pretty Jean Simpson, of Armidale, with Mrs. F. W. Nivison, of Yaloo, Walcha. Mrs. Nivison, with her husband, attended Cup Ball with Armidale hostess Mrs. J. L. G. Johnstone and Mr. Johnstone, and Mrs. Johnstone's sister, Mrs. Frank Knight, Wee Waa.



THE WINNER. Noreen Dangar (right), of Gostwyck, Uralla, looks pleased when her horse Eden Maid wins Gostwyck Maiden Plate at Armidale Picnic Races. She is photographed with her mother, Mrs. H. Gordon, and Mr. Jack Johnstone, of Armidale.

"Good old days" revived at races in New England district

ARMIDALE goes gay and holds its first picnic race meeting since 1939 with all the tradition of the old days of "bush picnics" still maintained.

Ninety per cent. of the new committee are ex-servicemen who have been away from their homes during the dark days of war, and who, I'm sure, appreciate more than anyone else the return of "the good old days."

Coming from near and far to attend two days' racing with festivities of luncheon parties, dinner parties, cocktails, and a dance and ball in the city's Town Hall, old friends get together, and occasion revives pleasant memories. For the young who have grown up during the past six or seven years, it's all new fun, and they take to it with enthusiasm.

"You know we think about the picnic races for three months; plan them for three months; talk about them afterwards for three months, and then it's time to start all over again," a member of the committee tells me.

SINCE 1885 Armidale has been a city, and it is one of the few in the Commonwealth to still uphold the tradition of "picnics."

A city of culture, having several of the State's finest schools, and a University which was established in 1938, it gives way to the boys of the bush—many of whom attended its schools and University—for the few carnival days of the races.

WEATHER man turns on his best performance for club's meeting, and bright sunshine greets both days' racing.

Recent rain has dispelled any thought of drought in the district, and the countryside is looking better than it has for years. Racegoers walked beneath shady green trees, and on soft green grass.

It's just as well the weather man did choose to behave, as Armidale's grandstand was burned down two years ago and has not been rebuilt.

LEADING light of festivities is the president of the Armidale Picnic Race Club, Arthur Cobcroft, and his lovely and charming wife, Marjorie. Their property, Herbert Park, twelve miles out of Armidale, is one of the show and properties in the area. A lovely old homestead surrounded by beautiful gardens, Herbert Park is a fitting setting for this hospitable pair, and I'm told many's the wonderful party they give.

In the "old" days Marjorie and Arthur entertained in their home during the races, and guests thought nothing of dashing out by car and in again for the ball at night.

Because of difficulties of entertaining these days, Marjorie and Arthur make their headquarters this year at Tattersall's Hotel, in the town.



CUP WINNER'S DAUGHTER Clare Byrnes, daughter of Mr. Vince Byrnes, of "Strathfield," Manilla, whose horse Ramorie wins Armidale Picnic Cup, attends meeting with Joan O'Halloran and Jim Neylon, of Tamworth. Mr. Byrnes and his guests stayed at Tatt's Hotel.



COCKTAIL PARTY after the races. Mrs. who returns to home in New Guinea, Hennessy, and Mrs. John Richardson McDonald and her brother Bruce, of "picnics." Mrs. Richardson's sister.

GLORIOUS corsages sent up from Sydney for each feminine guest, and popping bottles of champagne were highlights of the Cobcroft dinner party, who had among their guests Mr. and Mrs. John Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. Blue Mackie, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Mills, of Quirindi, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Strelitz, Mr. and Mrs. Allan McArthur, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Barron, Mrs. Bob Milligan, Judy MacDonald, Quirindi; Kay Hunt, of Sydney; Clare Byrnes, Nan Crouch, Marian McArthur, Bruce MacDonald, Alan Sutherland, Fred Whitaker, Glen Tones, Vince Byrnes, Charles King, Hery Pender, Bundarra; Ken Hay, and Roy Forsyth.

THE Charles Chapmans dined at Tattersall's Hotel with the Oscar Wilts, Beryl Downe, Mrs. Denovan, Mr. and Mrs. Jack McLean, and Tony Black, of Sydney.

Another group at dinner were the Blake Forsyth, of Keston, Guyra; Mr. and Mrs. Ken Ward, of Sydney; Mr. and Mrs. T. Everett, of Guyra; Mr. and Mrs. George Giff, Emu Creek, Walcha; Mr. and Mrs. Ian MacKenzie, of Glenahilly, Guyra; Mr. and Mrs. Lyn Thomas, Nancy MacKenzie, and Armidale MacKenzie.



Armidale Picnics



ARRIVING BY JEEP. Nan Crouch, of Armidale, is welcomed by Kenny Hay, of Sydney (right), and Tony Black, of Sydney, at cocktail party held in basement of Town Hall after races prior to dance at night. Nan well-known show rider before war.



Mr. C. L. Anthony, of Armidale, and Mrs. Eric... Mrs. Richardson had Judy... as house guests over... in committee-man.



TWO PRETTY GIRLS who are engaged. Helen Armstrong, of Goolth, Gunnedah, who is engaged to secretary of North and North-west Racing Association Syd Steindl, with Nancy Stephenson, of Tamworth, who plans marriage with fiance Charles Spicer, of Scone, at Armidale N.E.G.S. Chapel on April 26.

IMPRESSIONS of Armidale's picnic... How hospitable everyone... the attractiveness of Armidale's young matrons and ladies... persistent Arthur Cobcroft's... laugh, especially when... by honorary veterinary... of picnic races. Charles... on dance floor to see if his... will stand the distance... Arthur's fondness for meringues... early morning cup of tea... racehorse Windwrept... starting-post on the... and the clerk of the... finally riding him home in... position.

UP Armidale way they're certainly appreciative husbands... When Allan McArthur arrives at the Cobcrofts' dinner party before the ball after trucking cattle all day, he looks up and down the table till he finds his lovely wife, Sheila. "Reckon my wife's the belle of the hall!" he says, but Arthur Cobcroft, who sits near by, glances down the thirty guests until his eyes rest on wife, Marjorie. He's too much of a gentleman to contradict his guest, but by the look in his eye, feel he thinks HIS wife is belle of ball. Me, I'm tactful. I think it's just a question of whether you like a beautiful blonde or a beautiful brunette!

THE boys and girls at Romano's would have chuckled with glee if they could have seen Kenny Hay doing a Highland reel at the ball. Kenny attended the race meeting while on a business trip to Armidale.

YOU know, at all these picnic race meetings there's a story that gets the rounds. In Armidale they're telling the yarn about the city slicker who borrowed a car to take his partner home from the ball and found she lived half a block away!

MR. Howard Barton and his wife saved the accommodation... their caravan at Herbert... and motored in each day for... and social "do's." They have been caravanning for... and Howard, in addition... landscape scene, has painted... of the Cobcrofts' little... Pam; Shirley Croft, of... Uralla; Brownwyn Pool, of... Bundarra; and Mrs. ... Body, of Ulupna, Inverell... a dash to Sydney for more... supplies. Howard and his wife... to Noreen Dangar's property, ... Uralla, to paint autumn... scene.

GREAT interest before the first race, Goswycck Maiden Plate. Everyone keeps fingers crossed and hopes that Noreen Dangar's horse, Eden Maid, will be the winner. It is, and Noreen receives congratulations on all sides. Noreen, I learn, is only woman owner to race at meeting, and is one of the hardest workers for success of newly formed club. She is in charge of decorating Town Hall for dance on night of first day's racing, and for Cup Ball. She chooses unusual color scheme of black and white and, with Mrs. Jim Brindley's floral decorations, performs miracle of camouflage to hall.



THE YOUNGER SET. Jane Cookson, Inverell; Tony Harris, Armidale; Ruth Fenwick, Walcha; and Margaret Henderson, of Moore Park, Armidale, attend Picnic Race Carnival. Jane and Ruth are guests of Canon and Mrs. C. Dickens, The Lodge, Uralla Road, over picnic race meeting. Young people attended dances after races.



SNAPPED AT DANCE. Lovely Mrs. Allan McArthur, of Armidale, and her husband with Alan Inglis, Muswellbrook (right). Sheila wore a bouffant sequin-studded shell-pink gown, with shoulders of pastel French flowers. She and her husband gave a luncheon party at Tattersall's Hotel prior to the races on Cup Day.



HAPPY COUPLES. Max Lind (left), of Kentucky, and his bride, formerly Joan Richardson, of Armidale, who were married last Tuesday at T.A.S. Chapel, Armidale, with Meryl Hall, of Armidale, and her fiance, Jack Varley, of Inverell, who will marry at St. Paul's, Armidale, on March 22. Couples attended ball at Town Hall after Armidale Picnic Cup Day.



FRANK CARTER murmured hoarsely and unconvin-
ingly: "It's all a lie..."

Howard Raikes looked at Poirot.
"You've got precious little to say
for yourself for a high-toned sleuth.
Why don't you throw your weight
about a bit?"

"I am reflecting, Mr. Raikes."
"I guess you'll need to reflect! I
should say you'll lose your job over
this! It isn't thanks to you that
Alistair Blunt is still alive at this
minute."

"This is your second good deed of
the kind, is it not, Mr. Raikes?"
"What do you mean?"

"It was only yesterday, was it not,
that you caught and held the man
whom you believed to have shot at
Mr. Blunt and the Prime Minister?"

"Er—yes. I seem to be making a
kind of habit of it."

"But there is a difference," Hercu-
le Poirot pointed out. "Yesterday,
the man you caught and held was
not the man who fired the shot in
question. You made a mistake."

"He's made a mistake now,"
Frank Carter said sullenly.

"Quiet, you," said Raikes.

Hercule Poirot murmured to him-
self: "I wonder..."

Dressing for dinner, adjusting his
tie to an exact symmetry, Hercule
Poirot frowned at his reflection in
the mirror.

He was dissatisfied—but he would
have been at a loss to explain why.
For the case, as he owed to him-
self, was so very clear, Frank Carter
had indeed been caught red-handed.

It was not as though he had any
particular belief in, or liking for,
Frank Carter. Carter, he thought
dispassionately, was definitely what
the English call a "wrong 'un."

And Carter's whole story was
weak in the extreme. This tale of
having been approached by agents of
the "secret service"—and offered a
plummy job. To take the post of
gardener and report on the conver-
sations and actions of the other
gardeners.

It was a story that was disproved
easily enough—there was no founda-
tion for it.

And on Carter's side, there was

One, Two, Buckle My Shoe

Continued from page 25

nothing at all to be said. He could
offer no alternative explanation, ex-
cept that somebody else must have
shot off the revolver. He kept re-
peating that. It was a frame-up.

No, there was nothing to be said
for Carter, except, perhaps, that
it seemed an odd coincidence that
Howard Raikes should have been
present two days running at the
moment when a bullet had just
missed Alistair Blunt.

But presumably there wasn't any-
thing in that. Raikes certainly
hadn't fired the shot in Downing
Street. And his presence down here
was fully accounted for—he had
come down to be near his girl. No
there was nothing definitely improb-
able in his story.

It had turned out, of course, very
fortunately for Howard Raikes.
When a man has just saved you
from a bullet, you cannot forbid
him the house. The least you can
do is to show friendliness and ex-
tended hospitality.

Jane's undesirable young man had
got his foot in and he meant to keep
it there!

Poirot watched Raikes specula-
tively during the evening.

He was playing his part with a
good deal of astuteness. He did not
air any subversive views, he kept
off politics. He told amusing stories
of his hitch-hikes and tramps in
wild places.

"He is no longer the wolf,"
thought Poirot. "No, he has put
on the sheep's clothing. But un-
derneath? I wonder..."

As Poirot was preparing for bed
that night there was a rap on the

door. Poirot called, "Come in," and
Howard Raikes entered. He laughed
at Poirot's expression.

"Surprised to see me? I've had
my eye on you all evening. I didn't
like the way you were looking. Kind
of thoughtful."

"Why should that worry you, my
friend?"

"I don't know why, but it did. I
thought maybe that you were find-
ing certain things just a bit hard
to swallow."

"Oh? And if so?"

"Well, I decided that I'd best come
clean. About yesterday, I mean.
That was a fake show, all right! You
see, I was watching his lordship
come out of 10 Downing Street and
I saw Ram Lal fire at him. I know
Ram Lal. He's a nice kid. A bit
excitable, but he feels the wrongs
of India very keenly."

"Well, there was no harm done,
that precious pair of stuffed shirts
weren't harmed—the bullet had
missed 'em both by miles—so I
decided to put up a show and hope
the Indian kid would get clear." He
grinned.

"I grabbed hold of a shabby little
guy just by me and called out that
I got the villain and hoped Ram
Lal was peering it all right. But
the dicks were too smart. They
were on to him in a flash. That's
just how it was. See?"

"And to-day?" Poirot asked.

"That's different. There weren't
any Ram Lals about to-day. Carter
was the only man on the spot. He
fired that pistol all right! It was

still in his hand when I jumped on
him. He was going to try a second
shot, I expect."

"You were very anxious to preserve
the safety of M. Blunt?"

Raikes grinned—an engaging grin.
"A bit odd, you think, after all I've
said? Oh, I admit it. I think Blunt
is a guy who ought to be shot—for
the sake of Progress and Humanity
—I don't mean personally—he's a
nice enough old boy in his British
way. I think that, and yet when
I see someone taking a pot shot at
him I leap in and interfere. That
shows you how illogical the human
animal is."

"The gap between theory and
practice is a wide one."

"I'll say it is!" Mr. Raikes got up
from the bed where he had been
sitting.

His smile was easy and con-
fiding.

"I just thought," he said, "that
I'd come along and explain the thing
to you."

He went out, leaving Hercule
Poirot frowning thoughtfully.

He was still deep in thought,
though the frown had vanished,
when he accompanied his host and
the family to the village church next
morning.

Howard Raikes had said with a
faint sneer: "So you always go to
church, Mr. Blunt?"

And Alistair had murmured
ruefully something about it being
expected of you in the country.

Now, in a firm voice, slightly off
the note, Mrs. Olivera was singing.

"Deliver me, O Lord, from the evil
man; and preserve me from the
wicked man."

THERE was a re-
lentlessness about her enunciation
of the sentiment which made Hercu-
le Poirot deduce that Mr. Howard
Raikes was the wicked man im-
mediately in her mind.

"They have sharpened their
tongues like a serpent," sang the
choir boys in shrill treble, "adder's
poison is under their lips."

Hercule Poirot essayed a hesitant
baritone.

"The proud have laid a snare for
me," he sang, "and spread a net with
cords; yea, and set traps in my
way..."

His mouth remained open.

He saw it—saw clearly the trap
into which he had so nearly fallen!
A snare cunningly laid—a net with
cords—a pit open at his feet—dig
carefully so that he should fall into it.

Like a man in a trance Hercule
Poirot remained, mouth open, staring
into space. He remained there as
the congregation seated themselves
with a rustle; until Jane Olivera
tugged at his arm and murmured a
sharp, "Sit down."

Hercule Poirot sat down. An aged
clergyman with a beard intoned:
"Here beginneth the fifteenth
chapter of the First Book of
Samuel," and began to read.

But Poirot heard nothing of the
smiting of the Amalekites. He was
in a daze—a glorious daze where
isolated facts spun wildly round
before setting into their places.

It was like a kaleidoscope—shoe
buckles, 10-inch stockings, a
damaged fact; the activities of Mr.
Amherst, and the part played by
the late Mr. Morley, all rose up and
whirled and settled themselves down
into a coherent pattern.

For the first time, Hercule Poirot
was looking at the case the right
way up.

"For rebellion is as the sin of
witchcraft and stubbornness is as
iniquity and idolatry. Because thou
hast rejected the word of the Lord
He hath also rejected thee from
being king. Here endeth the first
lesson," quavered the aged clergyman
all in one breath.

As one in a dream, Hercule Poirot
rose to praise the Lord in the
Deum.

To be continued

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



You'll be on tiptoes next washday
when you see that...

PERSIL DAZZLE!

It's Persil's oxygen that puts the
Persil DAZZLE in ALL your wash

**YOUR HUSBAND WILL WARBLE LIKE
A BIRD IN SPRING** when he eyes the Persil
dazzle of his white shirts 'n' shorts 'n' singlets.
For Persil's oxygen-charged suds give the
whitest whites because they shift the dirt
—not some of it... not most of it...
but ALL of it.



"A NEW DEAL FOR HOUSEWIVES,"
says Mum, "That's what Persil dazzle
means for me! No more cinderella colours
or rainy-day 'greys' in my house." For
linens, for undies, for everything you'll
never want anything else when you see
that Persil dazzle.



J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.



New longer jacket... emphasis on waist and hip contours...
slim sheath skirt... tailored to "that lovely line",
patrician, dignified... and luxurious with new style waterfall collar of
precious silver fox. At your favourite store,
watch for these LEROY lovelies that point Autumn's fashion path.



GIBBS KIDS KORNER

is Maria your Heroine?
Maria is a wonderful pianist. She has played on all the famous concert platforms of the world. Would you like to be like Maria when you grow up?



The Maria family concert would sell out for how she helps her teeth so white



MOTHER:
Let this story teach your children teeth-care. Gibbs is the most economical denturist. No waste... avoid pain, and only 1/3 for a refill.

HIS bolero suit, illustrated in color on page 8, has all the gaiety and glamor just for you—be you sweet sixteen, seventeen, or eighteen years of age.

Materials: 20 skeins (10oz) Lincoln Mills Triple Twist "Daphne" wool (bolero 6oz, skirt 14oz); 1 pair No. 10 knitting needles; No. 2 steel crochet hook; 6in. zipper fastener.

Measurements: Bolero—To fit 30 to 32in. bust, length from back of neck 15in. Skirt—Waist, 24in.; hips, 34in.; length, 24in.

Tension: 7 sts. and 9 rows to 1in. **Important:** To obtain the best results and correctly proportioned garment, the following three points are essential: (1) Use the exact wool specified. (2) Use the correct size of needles. (3) Keep knitting tension strictly in accordance with instructions.

BOLERO—BACK

Cast on 117 sts.
1st Row: K.
2nd Row: P.
Rep. these 2 rows once.
3rd Row: * K 7, wool to back of work, sl. 3 puriwise, rep. from * to last 7 sts., k 7.
4th Row: * P 7, wool to front of work, sl. 3 puriwise, rep. from * to last 7 sts., p 7.
Rep. these 2 rows once.
5th Row: * K 7, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.a.s.o., w.fwd., rep. from * to last 7 sts., k 7.
6th Row: P.
7th Row: K.
8th Row: P.
Rep. 11th and 12th rows once.
9th Row: K 2, (wool to back of work, sl. 3 puriwise, k 7) 10 times, wool to back of work, sl. 3 puriwise, k 2.
10th Row: P 2, (wool to front of work, sl. 3 puriwise, p 7) 10 times,

OUT FOR WITCHERY

wool to front of work, sl. 3 puriwise, p 2.
Rep. these 3 rows once.

19th Row: K 2, (w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.a.s.o., w.fwd., k 7) 10 times, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.a.s.o., w.fwd., k 2.

20th Row: P.
Rep. rows 1 to 20 twice, then rep. rows 1 to 4 (64 rows).

Armhole Shaping: Keeping continuity of patt., cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of each of next 4 rows, then cast off 3 sts. at beg. of each of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of every row following until 79 sts. rem.

Complete 130th patt. row from cast on edge.

Shoulder Shaping: Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 57 sts. and work the first 64 rows as given for the back.

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 5 sts. K 12, (wool to back of work, sl. 3 puriwise, k 7) to end of row.

3rd Row: Work in patt.
4th Row: Cast off 5 sts., patt. to end of row.

5th Row: As 2nd row.
6th Row: Cast off 3 sts., patt. to end of row.

7th Row: As 2nd row.
Keeping continuity of patt., dec. 1 st. at armhole edge of next 6 rows (38 sts.) Cont. in patt., dec. 1 st. at neck edge in next and every 4th row following until 27 sts. rem.

Complete 130th patt. row from cast on edge.

Shoulder Shaping: 1st Row: Cast off 9 sts., patt. to end of row.

2nd Row: Work in patt.
Rep. these 3 rows once. Cast off remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT
Work as for back until 63rd row has been completed.

Armhole Shaping: 1st Row: Cast off 5 sts., patt. to end of row.

2nd Row: (K 7, wool to back of work, sl. 3 puriwise) to last 15 sts., wool to back of work, sl. 3 puriwise, k 12.

3rd Row: Cast off 5 sts., patt. to end of row.

4th Row: Work in patt.

5th Row: Cast off 3 sts., patt. to end of row.

6th Row: Work in patt.
Keeping continuity of patt., dec. 1 st. at armhole edge of next 6 rows (38 sts.) Cont. in patt., dec. 1 st. at neck edge of next and every 4th row following until 27 sts. rem.

Complete 131st patt. row.
Shape shoulder as for left front.

TO MAKE UP

Pin to measure and press lightly. Join underarm and shoulder seams. Commencing at centre of back of neck work 1 row of d.c. around outer edge of garment, turn, and work 1 row of d.c. around edge on wrong side, turn again, and work a third row on right side.

Commencing at underarm seam, work 3 rows of d.c. around armholes in the same manner.

Press seams and crochet edges.

SKIRT—BACK

Cast on 218 sts.
1st Row: (K 1, p 1) 3 times, * k 20, (p 1, k 1) 5 times, p 1, rep. from * 5 times, k 20, (p 1, k 1) 3 times.

2nd Row: (P 1, k 1) 3 times, * p 20, (k 1, p 1) 5 times, k 1, rep. from * 5 times, p 20, (k 1, p 1) 3 times.

Rep. these 2 rows twice.

7th Row: (K 1, p 1) 3 times, * k 9, k 2 tog., k 9, (p 1, k 1) 5 times, p 1, rep. from * 5 times, k 20, (p 1, k 1) 3 times.

8th Row: (P 1, k 1) 3 times, * p 19, (k 1, p 1) 5 times, k 1, rep. from * 5 times, p 19, (k 1, p 1) 3 times.

Keeping continuity of rib and st-st, work 10 rows.

19th Row: (K 1, p 1) 3 times, * k 9, k 2 tog., k 8, (p 1, k 1) 5 times, p 1, rep. from * 5 times, k 9, k 2 tog., k 8, (p 1, k 1) 3 times.

Work 11 rows in patt. between every decreasing row.

31st Row: (K 1, p 1) 3 times, * k 8, k 2 tog., k 8, (p 1, k 1) 5 times, p 1, rep. from * 5 times, k 8, k 2 tog., k 8, (p 1, k 1) 3 times.

43rd Row: (K 1, p 1) 3 times, * k 8, k 2 tog., k 7, (p 1, k 1) 5 times, p 1, rep. from * 5 times, k 8, k 2 tog., k 7, (p 1, k 1) 3 times.

55th Row: (K 1, p 1) 3 times, * k 7, k 2 tog., k 7, (p 1, k 1) 5 times, p 1, rep. from * 5 times, k 7, k 2 tog., k 7, (p 1, k 1) 3 times.

67th Row: (K 1, p 1) 3 times, * k 7, k 2 tog., k 6, (p 1, k 1) 5 times, p 1, rep. from * 5 times, k 7, k 2 tog., k 6, (p 1, k 1) 3 times.

Keeping continuity of patt. cont. to work, decreasing in every 12th row following, in centre of st-st panel until 175th row has been completed (113 sts.), then dec. in the same manner in 179th and every 4th row following until 99 sts. rem. (183 rows).

Work 1 row in patt. ***
183rd Row: (K 1, p 1) to last 3 sts., k 1, p 2 tog.

Work in rib of (k 1, p 1) for 31 rows, decreasing 1 st. at each end of 17th, 24th, and 31st rows following (82 sts. 216 rows).



SHEER SIMPLICITY is the keynote of this knitted charm, and it can be made so swiftly.

217th Row: Cast off 38 sts. in rib (p 1, k 1) 7 times, p 1, cast off 7 sts. in rib, (p 1, k 1) 7 times, p 1, cast off remaining sts. in rib.

** Join wool with right side of work facing to first group of 15 sts.

1st Row: Sl. 1, (p 1, k 1) 7 times.

2nd Row: Sl. 1, (k 1, p 1) 7 times.

Rep. these 2 rows 54 times. Cast off in rib.

Complete back of skirt by working remaining 15 sts. in the same manner.

FRONT

Cast on 218 sts. and work from *** to *** of instructions given for the back. (184 rows.)

185th Row: (K 1, p 1) to last 3 sts., k 1, p 2 tog. (98 sts.)

Work in rib of (k 1, p 1) for 21 rows.

217th Row: Cast off 19 sts. in rib (p 1, k 1) 7 times, p 1, cast off 11 sts. in rib, (p 1, k 1) 7 times, p 1, cast off remaining sts. in rib.

Work straps as given for back (** to **) of skirt.

BELT

Cast on 15 sts. and work as for straps for 25in. Dec. 1 st. at beg. end of every row until 3 sts. rem. k 3 tog., and fasten securely.

BACK STRAP

Cast on 15 sts. and work as for straps for 5in. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Join right seam from hem to waist. Join left seam from hem to within 63in. of waist. Press over a well-padded skirt-board. Press straps, belt and back strap. Join straps on shoulders, and sew back strap in position on back, 4in. below shoulders. Sew zipper fastener in position, and centre of belt along cast-off edge. Sew press catches at end of belt. Press seams.

ABBREVIATIONS

Knitting: K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; inc., increasing; dec., decreasing; beg., beginning; st. det., st. det.; cont., continue; g.st., garter stitch; t.b.t., through back of loop; tog., together; rep., repeat; patt., pattern; rem., remain; st-st, stocking stitch; in., inches; m, make; st. slt, p.a.s.o., pass the slipped stitch over; m.s.t., make-stitch; Crotch., Crotchet; d.c., double crochet.

SHOULD WIVES WORK?



WHEN JOAN AND BILL WERE MARRIED, JOAN DECIDED TO KEEP ON WORKING UNTIL THEY HAD PAID OFF THE FURNITURE AND HAD A FEW POUNDS IN THE BANK. YET SOMEHOW THINGS STARTED TO TAKE A WRONG TURNING

BUT LATER

IT'S PETE, THERE'S A CARD-CAME ON. HE WANTS ME TO GO DOWN

BUT BILL, YOU WOULDN'T COME OUT WHEN I SUGGESTED IT



OH MOTHER, WHAT CAN I DO ABOUT OUR MARRIAGE? WAS IT A MISTAKE TO TRY TO KEEP THE JOB AS WELL?

TO KEEP A JOB AND A HUSBAND IS DIFFICULT, PET. . . ESPECIALLY IF YOU LET UP ON PERSONAL FRESHNESS.

MOTHER WAS A PAL TO PUT ME BACK ON TO LIFEBOUY, SO REFRESHING AND IT STOPS "B.O."



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And only 6 months ago we thought
we'd NEVER get married!

It was like this...



I wish your boss would hurry
up with that rise Harry. We'll
never get married at this rate!

Rise? I'm lucky to
keep my job the way
I feel...tired out and
nervy.

The directors decided
against your salary
increase, Hunter. We
expected big things
from you...
but your work
has been
falling off.

This can't go on...
I'd better see
a doctor.

Mr. Hunter, your symptoms
indicate "**NIGHT STARVATION**".
You probably don't realise it,
but while you sleep you
must replace energy lost
during the day.... Even
during the night, your
heart and lungs continue
their work. Naturally,
unless this energy is
replaced you're bound
to wake tired...become
nervy. I recommend
HORLICKS.

**SO
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EVERY
NIGHT!**



Which side
do I walk, sir,
when we are
leaving the
church?

Each glass of Horlicks* before bed gives you . . .

PROTEIN—essential to the growth and development of every part of the body. Without protein to form body and tissue cells, growth cannot take place and then wear and tear resulting from our daily activities cannot be made good.

FAT—almost entirely derived from milk; an efficient source of energy and also of vitamins A and D.

CARBOHYDRATE—chiefly maltose and dextrin (perhaps the best source of quick energy) and lactose, which is of particular

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MINERAL SALTS—to help in building tissue and in regulating body activities. These mineral salts include:

CALCIUM—of which there is a deficiency in many Australian diets and yet is so necessary for building sound bone and teeth.

VITAMINS A, B, B₂ and D—each fulfilling its own special job in the maintenance of sound nutrition.

* Made with milk.



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— GONE
IN A FEW DAYS!



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Nothing I tried did the slightest bit of good, and to make matters worse my hair started falling out. Then one day I saw an ad. for **Rexona Ointment**.

This soon put my hair in excellent condition. And to know there wasn't any dandruff to spoil my appearance gave me confidence. So thanks to **Rexona** I've a job any man could be proud of!

THE RAPID HEALER
Rexona
1/6 OINTMENT
A JAR (City & Suburbs)
Rexona's SIX healing medicaments make it the perfect treatment for all skin troubles.

HERE'S a gem of a knitted frock—straight from Paris—for your winter wardrobe. See it in color on page 8.

Materials: 21 skeins (1oz.) Lincoln Mills "Daphne" crochet wool (20 skeins of the main color and 1 skein of a contrasting color); 1 pair each No. 10 and No. 13 needles; No. 2 steel crochet hook; 10 small buttons.

Measurements: To fit 34-38 in. bust. Length from back of neck to hem, 42 in.; waist, 30 in.; hips, 38 in.; underarm to waist, 8 in.; skirt length, 27 in.; sleeve seam, 10 in.

Tension: 8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.
Important: To obtain the best results and correctly proportioned garment the following three points are essential:—(1) Use the exact wool specified; (2) use the correct size of needles; (3) keep knitting tension strictly in accordance with instructions.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 222 sts. and purl 1 row.

Now commence the patt. thus:—
1st Row: K 15, * (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1, k 30. Rep. from * to last 22 sts., (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1, k 15.

2nd Row: P 16, * (k 1, p 1) twice, k 1, p 32. Rep. from * until 21 sts. rem., (k 1, p 1) twice, k 1, p 16.

3rd Row: K 17, * p 1, k 1, p 1, k 34. Rep. from * to last 20 sts., p 1, k 1, p 1, k 17.

4th Row: P 18, * k 1, p 36. Rep. from * to last 19 sts., k 1, p 18.

5th Row: K.

6th Row: As 4th row.

7th Row: As 3rd row.

8th Row: As 2nd row.

These 8 rows complete 1 patt. Rep. these 8 rows twice.

25th Row: K 15, * (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1, k 14, k 2 tog., k 14. Rep.

Brilliantly designed frock... from Paris

from * to last 21 sts., (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1, k 15.

Keeping continuity of patt. by allowing for sts. decreased in panels, cont. as before, making decreases as follows:—

39th Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k 13, * p 1, k 1, p 1, k 15, k 2 tog., k 16. Rep. from * to last 20 sts., p 1, k 1, p 1, k 13, k 2 tog., k 2.

33rd Row: K 34, (k 2 tog., k 33) to last st., k 1.

67th Row: K 3, k 2 tog., * k 12, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 14, k 2 tog., k 15. Rep. from * to last 19 sts., p 1, k 1, p 1, k 12, k 2 tog., k 2.

81st Row: K 13, * (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1, k 12, k 2 tog., k 12. Rep. from * to last 20 sts., (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1, k 13.

95th Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k 11, * p 1, k 1, p 1, k 13, k 2 tog., k 14. Rep. from * to last 18 sts., p 1, k 1, p 1, k 11, k 2 tog., k 2.

109th Row: K 30, (k 2 tog., k 29) to last st., k 1.

123rd Row: K 14, * p 1, k 1, p 1, k 12, k 2 tog., k 13. Rep. from * to last 17 sts., p 1, k 1, p 1, k 14.

137th Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k 8, * (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1, k 10, k 2 tog., k 10. Rep. from * to last 19 sts., (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1, k 8, k 2 tog., k 2.

151st Row: K 13, * p 1, k 1, p 1, k 11, k 2 tog., k 12. Rep. from * to last 16 sts., p 1, k 1, p 1, k 13.

165th Row: K 13, * p 1, k 1, p 1, k 11, k 2 tog., k 11. Rep. from * to last 16 sts., p 1, k 1, p 1, k 9, k 2 tog., k 2.

179th Row: K 12, * p 1, k 1, p 1, k 10, k 2 tog., k 10. Rep. from * to last 15 sts., p 1, k 1, p 1, k 12.

197th Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k 20, k 2 tog., * k 22, k 2 tog. Rep. from * to last 24 sts., k 20, k 2 tog., k 2.

207th Row: K 11, * p 1, k 1, p 1, k 9, k 2 tog., k 9. Rep. from * to last 14 sts., p 1, k 1, p 1, k 11.

217th Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k 5, * (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1, k 6, k 2 tog., k 7. Rep. from * to last 12 sts., p 1, k 1, p 1, k 5, k 2 tog., k 2.

225th Row: K 8, * (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1, k 6, k 2 tog., k 6. Rep. from * to last 15 sts., (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1, k 8.

235th Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k 4, * (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1, k 5, k 2 tog., k 6. Rep. from * to last 15 sts., (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1, k 4, k 2 tog., k 2.

241st Row: K 7, * (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1, k 5, k 2 tog., k 5. Rep. from * to last 14 sts., (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1, k 7.

249th Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k 3, * (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1, k 4, k 2 tog., k 5. Rep. from * to last 14 sts., (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1, k 3, k 2 tog., k 2.

257th Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k 2, * (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1, k 10. Rep. from * to last 13 sts., (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1, k 2, k 2 tog., k 2.

Work 1 row in patt.

259th Row: K 7, * p 1, k 1, p 1, k 6, k 2 tog., k 6. Rep. from * to last 10 sts., p 1, k 1, p 1, k 7.

Work 3 rows in patt.

263rd Row: K 3, k 2 tog., k 3, * p 1, k 1, p 1, k 5, k 2 tog., k 6. Rep. from * to last 10 sts., p 1, k 1, p 1, k 3, k 2 tog., k 2.

Work 3 rows in patt.

267th Row: K 2 inc. in next st., k 3, * p 1, k 1, p 1, k 5 inc. in each of next 2 sts., k 5. Rep. from * to last 9 sts., p 1, k 1, p 1, k 3 inc. in next st., k 2.

Work 1 row in patt.

269th Row: K 55 and slip on to a spare needle.

Join wool at centre to remaining sts.

1st Row: Cast on 8 sts., (k 1, p 1) 3 times. K to end of row.

2nd Row: P 8, (k 1, p 16) twice, k 1, p 3, (k 1, p 1) 3 times, k 1.

3rd Row: (K 1, p 1) 3 times, k 5, (p 1, k 1, p 1, k 15) twice, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 7.

4th Row: P 6, * (k 1, p 1) twice, k 1, p 12. Rep. from * once, (k 1, p 1) twice, k 1, p 3 (k 1, p 1) 3 times, k 1.

Keeping continuity of patt. with a border at centre edge, inc. 1 st. at end of 11th and every 10th row following until there are 60 sts. on needle, then in every 6th row to 63 sts. Work 4 rows in patt.

ARMHOLE SHAPING

1st Row: Cast off 4 sts. Patt. to end of row.

2nd Row: Work in patt.

Rep. these 2 rows once.

Keeping continuity of patt. and border dec. 1 st. at armhole edge in 5th and every row following until 48 sts. rem. Work 62 rows in patt. without further shaping.

SHOULDER SHAPING

1st Row: Cast off 8 sts., patt. to end of row.

2nd Row: Work in patt.

Rep. these 2 rows twice. Cast off rem. sts.

Join wool at centre to sts. for other half of bodice.

1st Row: (K 1, p 1) 3 times, k 1, p 5, (k 1, p 16) twice, k 1, p 8.

2nd Row: K 7, (p 1, k 1, p 1, k 14) twice, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 4, (k 1, p 1) 3 times, k 1.

3rd Row: (K 1, p 1) 3 times, k 1, p 3, * (k 1, p 1) twice, k 1, p 12. Rep. from * to last 11 sts., (k 1, p 1) twice, k 1, p 6.

4th Row: K 5, * (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1, k 10. Rep. from * once, (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 1, w. fad., k 2 tog., p 1, k 1.

5th Row: As 3rd row.

Keeping continuity of patt. and border, working a buttonhole as in 4th row on 20th and every 16th row following, inc. 1 st. at the beg. of the 12th and every 10th row following until there are 60 sts. on needle, then in every 6th row following to 63 sts.

Complete to correspond with other side of bodice, working all shaping at opposite ends of rows.

FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 333 sts.

P 1 row.

Rep. from 1st to 249th rows inclusive of instructions given for the back.



NOTE the slenderising folds from diamond-studded yoke and belt waistline, which clips at back. Vertical stitch is slenderising.

250th Row: P 7, (k 1, p 1) twice, k 1, p 13, (k 1, p 1) twice, k 1, p 7.

N.B.—At this stage it is advisable to press the skirt before gathering in the waist. This also applies to pressing the bodice before casting off.

Now commence the waistband—

1st Row: With No. 10 needles, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 8, and leave on spare needle.

With No. 13 needles work 2 rows into back of 2nd st., then into front of 1st st. on left-hand needle, release both sts. tog. Rep. from * to last 20 sts. K into back of next st., slip rem. 19 sts. on to a spare needle, and leave until the waistband is completed.

2nd Row: * P into front of second st., then into first st., release both sts. tog. Rep. from * to last 1 st. into back of st.

3rd Row: * K into back of second st., then into front of first st., release both sts. tog. Rep. from * a last st., k into back of st.

Rep. these 2 rows 7 times and leave on spare needle.

Using No. 10 needles, join wool on wrong side to first set of sts. from spare needle and work 12 rows in patt., dec. 1 st. at beg. of fifth and the 10th rows. Leave on spare needle. Join wool to sts. at other side of waistband. Work 13 rows in patt., dec. 1 st. at end of 7th and 13th rows.

Now commence the bodice, using No. 10 needles and wrong side of work facing.

1st Row: P 5, (k 1, p 1) twice, k 1, p 13, (k 1, p 1) twice, k 1, p 5.

2nd Row: K 4, * (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1, k 10. Rep. from * to last 11 sts., (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1, k 4.

Keeping continuity of patt. inc. 1 st. at each end of 12th and every 10th row following until there are 161 sts. on needle, then in every 6th row to 167 sts.

Work 5 rows in patt.

ARMHOLE SHAPING

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of row 4 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of next 6 rows.

Next Row: Patt. 8 sts., (k 2 tog., k 1) 40 times, k 2 tog. Patt. 8 sts. Cast off fairly tightly.

YOKE

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 11 sts. in main color.

1st Row: P.

2nd Row: K.

Continued on page 37

Aunt Jenny Says:



"I declare it was a real thrill just to handle this 119 YR OLD SERVIETTE"

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Velvet Soap

Tune in every morning Mon. to Thurs. "AUNT JENNY'S REAL-LIFE STORIES"



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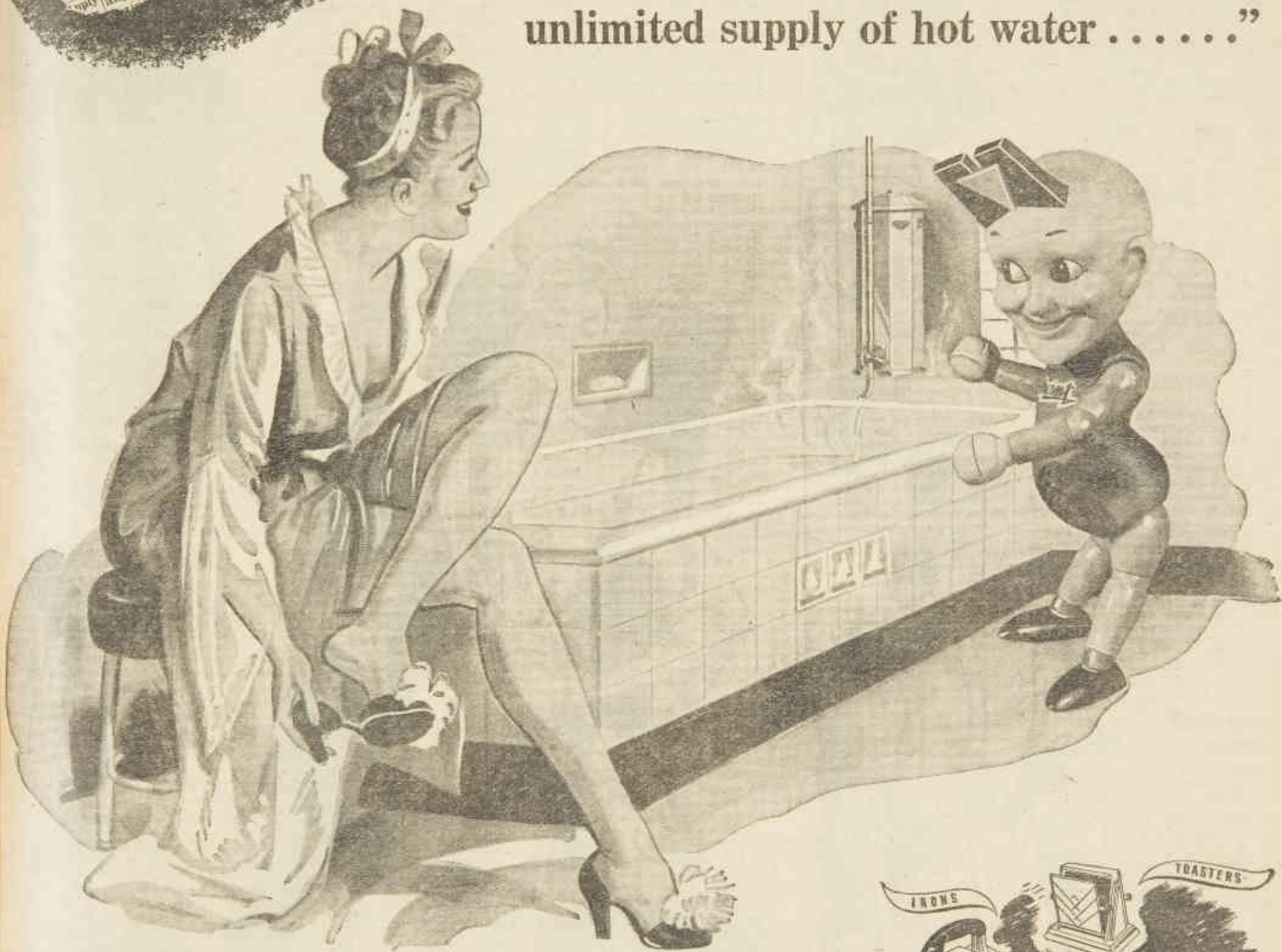
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F4591.—Snappy box-coat for the young schoolgirl. The buttoning effect of revers is charming. Sizes 6 to 8 yrs. 8 to 10 yrs. 10 to 12 yrs. Requires 2 yds. 54in. wide. Pattern 1/3.

F4592.—Designed with tailor-like precision that will become you so neat and trim-looking. Long or short sleeves can be obtained with this pattern. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds. 54in. wide. Pattern 1/8.



F4588



F4587



F4589



F4590



F4591



F4592



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Z12/46.

MOTHERS' DARLINGS



• "Do you remember back when we were anxious to hear her very first word?"

• "We dread the day when he gets big enough to use the loud pedal."

• "What made you think I'd be surprised?"

Romance in the Dark

Continued from page 13

SOON Cheaters said: "Here we go past the point." The boat heeled sharply and Roger snubbed as though to right her.

Cheaters said: "Relax, Roger. What's biting you? It's only like a night, except that you get the same from me. If anything comes like, I'll tell you. Got it?"

Her confidence was infectious. "I've got it, Cheaters," he said.

Then slowly he relaxed and the room left his face. Spray stung him, and he tilted his head back and breathed in the sea air.

Cheaters was talking animatedly, using details of the weather, telling him what other boats were out. Listening to her, spreading his arms wide to all they could receive of sound, scent and touch, he had a clearer vision of the future he might have to face.

That was the thought he clung to through the grim time following the operation. It was with him while he waited, with his eyes masked and taped, for the day which would deliver his fate.

That day the doctor said: "Now we're going to take the mask off for the night. You won't see anything. The room's blacked out, and the door's light-locked, but even so, the exposure may affect your eyes. They'll need a while to settle down."

"How long to wait then, doctor?"

"We may put a thinner cover on the window in three days. We'll know then."

The nurse said: "Here's something to make you sleep. Drink it up."

He heard the lights click out. They pulled the tape painfully from his face, and the cool air touched his eyes. He heard the nurse and the doctor moving but, try as he would, he could see nothing.

It must have been hours later when he awoke. After being covered for so long his eyes felt strange in their new freedom. If he were cured, surely he should see something. He tried and tried, but with no result.

It was then that, with a conviction which permitted no doubt, he knew: He was blind. Blind for life.

In the horror and despair that filled his heart, his spirit grasped at the one firm thing in his collapsing universe, the words of Cheaters, on the day before he came to hospital, after a month in which they'd been

together every day, sailing, fishing, swimming, listening to the radio. They had been sitting on the wharf edge in the hot sun, dangling their legs above the water.

Suddenly her hand slipped into his. "Roger, don't think I take it lightly, but, please, don't be scared. Remember the worst's past. That was when you know first what it might be. I'll never be as bad as that again. It'll get—in a way—better all the time, as you get used to it. Remember, you've been living the new way for a month. "And"—her voice grew pleading—"it hasn't been quite empty, has it?"

Now he knew definitely he was blind, his one weapon against despair was the truth she'd made him see. Though there would be no Laura and no light, this was not the end of joy. There would be the sun on his face. He could still sail and swim, and that meant sail.

ALL at once Roger blinked again. There seemed to be—something, a sort of grey shape, a long rectangle. His heart came to his throat and almost choked him.

It was the window! He could see the window! They had lied to him last night, but not the way he'd thought. The room had been blacked out when they left. The reason why he'd been given the sleeping draught was so that, during the night, they could substitute a thinner blind without disturbing him.

This, now this moment, was the test! It was daybreak, and he could see!

Two weeks later his mother, driving him home, remarked: "I suppose you'll be going to see Laura soon, dear. She'll be so happy."

For now he let her think so, because to express his feelings was so difficult. Laura was—Laura. In swimming shorts and halter, in tailored silk, a tweed suit or an evening gown, Laura was exquisite. He had thought he loved her and that she loved him.

But she hadn't been prepared to go against her father's will to marry him, and he hadn't leaned on her sufficiently to tell her that he might be blind. And, though in his lone-



• "You're going to have to handle this child carefully; remember you're dealing with a sensitive, high-strung little stinker!"



• "She keeps giving the children the same arithmetic problem to do at home... A certain teacher receives twenty-three hundred dollars salary, her expenses are twenty-six."

liness he had longed for, when things were bad it was not to her he had turned.

His only aid came from Cheaters McCann, and now he was well the only need he felt was to see the kid and tell her so.

As soon as he had his sight he'd made them wire the news to her. She had answered: "Wonderful news!" but that was all. Twice he had written to her, but she had not replied.

He said slowly: "Mother, I want lunch for two. The very best."

"Roger! So soon! What on earth for?"

He told her, and for once went roughshod over her expostulations. The family had ordered him about a bit too much. "All right," he said at length, "if you won't see to it, I will. For the rest of the day, count me out, please."

As soon as they reached the house he telephoned McCann. Cheaters answered. He said: "Hello, Cheaters."

Her voice was tense and low. "Roger! Oh, Roger!"

"I'm coming down right now. I want the Duck, and we're picnicking on the island. I'm bringing the lunch. Get it?"

"Oh, yes. It's marvellous. But—there seemed to be something odd about her, in her voice. 'It'll be a while. Make it an hour, will you?'"

"Whatever you say. The party's yours."

The sun had never been so bright.

the water so blue, as he topped the slope above the wharf.

He was early, and it gave him time to take the old place in. Then, tense with anticipation, he paced the warped plank, growing impatient as time went on. It was time the kid arrived. She'd never been late when he couldn't see.

Then as he waited there was borne in on him a truth to which, in the stress of his emotions through these last grim months, he had given no thought. The memory of her he'd been carrying was out of date. He had pictured a breathless, skinny child in overalls, a torn sweater and pigtails, but she must be grown-up.

He tried to see her as she must be now, with her horn-rimmed cheaters and her eager ways. Plain and angular and dressed anyhow.

It came to him also why she had not written. She was conscious of her looks, and was giving him the opportunity to break away, now that he didn't need her. That made him angry. The only thing he wanted was to see her, and the thought brought a queer, choky feeling.

CONSIDERING

upon this strange phenomenon, puzzling as to what it meant, suddenly he knew, with a shock that quite jarred him. It must be love! And, of course, when you felt like this toward a girl you married her.

He was pacing the full length of

the wharf now. As he swung round once more, a girl was coming toward him. She was in yellow, very fresh and sweet. Laura wore just that yellow, and looked beautiful in it. This girl was pretty attractive, too. In fact, she might almost be Laura. Then he met her face to face.

His jaw dropped. It hit him with a hard impact that the girl was Cheaters, and that she was beautiful.

In this tremendous moment he recalled that children wore glasses sometimes only for a while for eye correction, and that even skinny kids in overalls grow up.

They had had their lunch on the island. For a while he left off kissing her and lay back, feasting his eyes on the blue water and the white spouts of surf on Otter Rocks, and listening to the gulls' cry and the long sigh of the wind-swayed pines.

By and by he realised she was crying. "Hey! What's the matter?" He tried to draw her towards him, but she pulled away and turned her back on him.

Then, suddenly, she turned again and clung to him fiercely, with her face buried in his shoulder.

He let her cry a while, and then he said: "What is it?"

She turned away again.

"Nothing. Only I'm so very happy—and I—I don't deserve it. I'm selfish and wicked. You don't know how wicked, Roger! I knew I'd get you if you stayed b-blind, and when I heard you were cured I was miserable, because I thought you'd go to her. And I'd sooner have had you—like you were th—than not at all. But—but if I had got you that way, I'd have been m—miserable, too. I knew what you thought I looked like, and how would you have known what I really was like?"

"I'd have known," he said. "Darling, I'd have known!"

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY... By Wep

The Australian Women's Weekly — March 23, 1947

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Chaplin discusses his new film

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

After three years of research and shooting behind closed doors Charlie Chaplin has finished his new picture, "Monsieur Verdoux."

Although he has shot the last scene, put the final touches to his own musical score, and is willing to discuss his work he says there are still a good many odds and ends to be finished up.

"MONSIEUR VERDOUX" is the story of a dapper French ex-bank clerk, who, in order to feed his wife and child, embarks on a career of marrying and murdering seven ladies in succession.

"Though it is treated in a humorous vein, the story brings retribution to the character in the end," said Chaplin.

"People often ask me how it is possible to make such a macabre subject into a comedy.

"I hold that any situation may be treated in such a way that pathos becomes absurd. Absurdity becomes comedy. This is a comedy with pathos.

Orson Welles suggested the idea to me, but with the intention of making a horror film.

"I saw comedy possibilities inherent in the theme and wrote the story for myself."

Chaplin, who is white-haired and ruddy faced, would not be recognised by his millions of fans who know him only as a quaint figure with baggy pants and a derby hat.

Even to-day, Chaplin has the greatest world audience of any star,

and is known from the tiniest village in Arabia to the Icelandic settlements.

"Monsieur Verdoux" will present several new feminine faces who are likely to become stars of the future. One girl is Barbara Slater, who plays the part of a flower-seller.

Another newcomer is Marilyn Nash with a good role in the film.

Martha Raye has a comedy role as one wife who refuses to let Verdoux liquidate her.

This is in the nature of a come-back for Martha, who was once Paramount's biggest star.

While audiences await his latest impersonation, Chaplin is holding back all pictures of the new character, and merely says: "No, I don't appear in my customary tramp role.

"As Verdoux I am extremely dapper.

"I wear 21 changes of costume and a new moustache I raised myself.

"All my previous moustaches were stuck on. This is the first time I have worn my own hair and adornment."

Chaplin wrote the script, directed, starred, produced, and cast all the characters.

Though Chaplin has not studied music, his natural talent enables



FILM AND STAGE were main topics of discussion when James Mason, Judith Anderson, and John Gielgud met at a cocktail party in New York held in honor of Gielgud, who is giving a comedy season in America, sponsored by the Theatre Guild.



BEFORE THE CAMERA starts to shoot, Barbara Stanwyck, David Niven, and Mike Romanoff rehearse a scene in Erich Maria Remarque's "The Other Love," an Enterprise picture produced by David Lewis and directed by Andre de Toth.

him to play almost every instrument.

He told me that he improvises at the piano, then, as he does not read music, someone writes down the notes, makes an arrangement, and assembles an orchestra, which Chaplin usually conducts.

He does his own sketches for sets and costumes.

Several old-time performers have been given a new lease of life in a Chaplin film, including one restaurant owner who befriended Chaplin many years ago, and an ex-actress who has not worked in 17 years.

But the most important fact is that the film brings back to the screen the greatest pantomimist, whom no other screen star has ever been able to imitate.

Film Reviews

★★★ TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY

WITH a monster cast of favorites such as Judy Garland, Frank Sinatra, Van Johnson, June Allyson, and a host of others, MGM have spared no expense in their lavish technicolor musical based on the life of songwriter Jerome Kern.

About the only people who don't sing in the film are Kern himself, played by a handsomely greying Robert Walker, and his lifelong friend Jim Hessler, competently handled by Van Heflin.

Major part of the film is a flashback over Kern successes, with nostalgic hits from "Show Boat" sung by Lena Horne, Kathryn Grayson, and chorus.

Plot is uninspiring, but in all that glitter of color and song you'd hardly miss it. Final spectacular number has eight major stars on stage, with symphony orchestra and 150-voice choir. And watch out for Sinatra singing Kern's biggest hit, "Ol' Man River." It tops the show.—St. James; showing.

★★★ I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING

SPLENDID acting, good direction, and the unusual scenery of the Hebrides make this Gaumont-British release a grand experience.

Charming Wendy Hiller, whose screen appearances are all too few, reappears as the wilful Joan Webster, whose first intention to marry an elderly wealthy business man falls to pieces when she encounters a breezy and attractive naval officer, played with zest by Roger Livesey.

In addition to Miss Hiller and Livesey, there are good performances from Pamela Brown, as a native of the islands, and George Cargney as Joan's bank manager father, who fails to understand her hard outlook on life and determination to have a wealthy husband.

Audiences will vote this a delightful entertainment.—Embassy; showing.

★★★ I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU

BEAUTIFUL color and lavish settings and dressing get this highly improbable story away to a good start. It remains throughout good entertainment, so long as you don't really want to concentrate on any of the classical music with which it is larded.

There are queer goings-on in Carnegie Hall, New York, including the change, five minutes before a concert, of both the solo artist and conductor, and the departure of the soloist into the wings to embrace her husband while the orchestra continues merrily with the 2nd Rachmaninoff concerto.

Catherine McLeod is lovely, and makes her part as a concert pianist and mother live, and Philip Dorn manages to make the great musician Geronoff fairly convincing. William Carter as a farmer is excellently cast, and Maria Ouspenskaya is superb as usual.

The film is produced and directed by Frank Borzage for Republic.—Victory; showing.

★★★ ANGEL ON MY SHOULDER

LIKEABLE Claude Rains is cast as a puckish, hell-raising Satan in this improbable little farce by United Artists, whose theme is a murderer gangster's attempts to revenge himself on those on earth.

Paul Muni plays the gangster, who comes back to occupy the body of a judge, and causes havoc with all tough Bowery ways, only to go all soft and sentimental towards the judge's fiancée, Anne Baxter, in the end. Gangster pals and Hades inhabitants are well to the fore, and Old Nick, who is at the back of all the trouble, comes off second best.

For good measure, a psychiatrist is thrown in, played by serious Onslow Stevens, who gets into some strange messes trying to diagnose the judge's personality disorder.—Plaza; showing.

★ CLAUDIA AND DAVID

THAT idyllic married couple Claudia and David, played by Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young, are back again with their amusing antics, cute children, long-suffering servant, and marriage trials in Fox sequel to Rose Franken's popular "Claudia."

This time their marriage nearly goes on the rocks through dauntless Philip Dexter, played by John Sutton, whose attentions to Claudia awake jealousy in David's breast. There are further complications of measles, a car accident, and an attractive widow client of David's, but once again all ends happily—which won't surprise anyone.—Crosby; showing.

★ THE BACHELOR'S DAUGHTERS

UNITED ARTISTS have revived the old Cinderella plot again, only this time it's four single girls who are transformed into glamorous beauties, and set out to catch rich husbands. The girls, Gail Russell, Claire Trevor, Ann Dvorak, and Jane Wyatt, are pleasant eye-catchers, and Adolphe Menjou, recent in to pose as their father, really likes the job.

Billie Burke becomes mother of the bachelor's newly acquired daughters, and the film introduces concert pianist Eugene List to movie audiences. His small acting role is handled well, and piano solo is excellent.—Mayfair; showing.

★ SECRET OF THE WHISTLER

COLUMBIA unfolds another psychological melodrama, with Richard Dix as the ruthless, cold-blooded murderer whose distorted emotions are revealed in their picture in the Whistler series. This is the 319th film in which the apocryphal Dix has appeared during his 25 years on the screen, and the series is beginning to show.

Cast this time as an artist, Dix plans the murder of his wealthy, ailing wife, and, although she dies a natural death, suffers the torments of a guilty conscience, and cracks up.—Capitol; showing.

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1 MEETING takes place of Maugham (Marshall), Isabel (Tierney), her fiancé, Larry, (Power), cynical uncle, Elliott (Webb), friend Sophie (Baxter), mother (L. Watson).



3 MARRIAGE of Isabel to Gray Maturin (John Payne), Larry's best friend, is attended by Maugham, Elliott, and Sophie, now very happily married to Bob (Latimore).

The Razor's Edge

THIS is the first film made by Tyrone Power after his three and a half years in the U.S. Marines. In choosing him to play Larry, 20th Century-Fox gave Power a part he took very seriously. Speaking about Larry, Power said: "I felt I knew him. I'd known a few fellows like him. I'd talked with men in the Marines about the things that troubled Larry." Larry flew in World War I. Power in World War II.



5 FINDING SOPHIE drunk at low night-club, Larry rescues her and they plan to marry. Isabel, jealous, tempts Sophie with drink. She disappears and is murdered.



2 RESTLESS after war service, Larry travels in search of faith. Finds peace at last through Indian holy man (F. Leiber). Isabel refuses to wait for him, breaks engagement.



4 GRIEF shatters Sophie when Gray tells her Bob is killed in motor accident. She disappears. In Paris, Larry meets again Gray and Isabel, still in love with Larry.



6 RESPONSIBILITY for Sophie's death lies with Isabel, according to Larry, who tells her so in final interview. Isabel knows she has finally lost him. He no longer needs her.

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Smart set for winter

MATCHED to make cold days warmer and brighter this snug twin-set is designed to fit sizes 35, 36, and 37in. See it in color on page 9.

THE JUMPER

Materials: 7 skeins "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool (this is the only wool to be used) shade No. 2324 (periwinkle-blue); 2 prs. needles, Nos. 10 and 12; 3 small button moulds; 1 crochet hook.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20in.; bust, 35in.; length of sleeve seam, 5in.

Tension: 7 sts. 1in.; 9 rows, 1in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 100 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 3in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles, p 1 row, inc. 3 sts. Work in following patt.

1st Row: K.

2nd Row: P.

3rd Row: K 1, * k 5, p 1, rep. from * to last 6 sts., k 6.

Rep. 2nd row. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows.

7th Row: K 3, * p 1, k 5, rep. from * to last 4 sts., p 1, k 3.

8th Row: P.

Rep. these 8 rows, inc. 1 st. each end of the next, then every 6th row following until inc. to 127 sts. When work measures 12in. shape armholes by casting off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row 5 times. When armhole measures 5ins. shape neck as follows: Work 37 sts. (leave on a spare needle), cast off 21 sts. work 37 sts.

Cont. on last 37 sts. and k 2 tog. at neck edge every row until dec. to 18 sts., then shape shoulder by casting off 9 sts. at armhole edge every second row twice. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

FRONT

Work the same as for back until armholes measure 3in.

Next Row: Work 37 sts. (leave on a spare needle), cast off 21 sts., work 37 sts. Cont. on last 37 sts. and k 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 6 rows, then every 2nd row until dec. to 18 sts. Shape shoulder the same as for back. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 76 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 1in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles, p 1 row, inc. 3 sts. Work in patt., inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until inc. to 89 sts. When sleeve seam measures 5in. k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 59 sts., then every row until dec. to 39 sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join right shoulder seam. With right side of work towards you, using No. 12 needles, pick up and k about 144 sts. around neck. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 2in. Cast off in ribbing, purling every 3rd and 4th sts. tog.

SHOULDER-PADS

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 42 sts. Work in st-st. for 6in. Cast off. Fold diagonally, lightly pad with cotton-wool, and sew up edges.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves and shoulder-pads. Crochet and cover button moulds and sew on back of left shoulder. Work 1 row d.c. along front of shoulder opening, making 3 loops of ch. to form buttonholes. Cut 5 strands of wool, each 4yds. long, twist into a tight cord, and sew around neck in loops, as shown in illustration. Make 2 more cords 3yds. long and sew on sleeves.

THE CARDIGAN

Materials: 9 skeins "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool (this is the only wool to be used), shade No. 2324 (periwinkle-blue); 2 prs. needles, Nos. 10 and 12; 1 crochet hook; 6 button moulds.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20in.; bust, 35in.; length of sleeve seam, 19in.

Tension: 7 sts., 1in.; 9 rows, 1in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 100 sts. Work 8 rows rib of k 2, p 2 (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles. P 1 row, inc. 3 sts. Work in patt. for 2ins. then inc. 1 st. each end of the next, then every 6th row following until inc. to 129 sts. When work measures 12in. shape armholes by casting off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row 5 times. When armholes measure 7in. shape shoulders by casting off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

POCKETS (2)

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 31 sts. Work in patt. for 2in. Leave on a spare needle.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 48 sts. Work 8 rows rib of k 2, p 2 (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles. P 1 row, inc. 1 st. Work in pattern for 2ins. Next Row: (commencing on side seam edge): Work twice into 1st st., work 7 sts., cast off 31 sts., work 10 sts.

Next Row: Work 10 sts., work the 31 sts. of 1 pocket, work 9 sts. Cont. in patt., inc. 1 st. at side seam edge every 6th row until inc. to 62 sts. When work measures 12in., cast off 7 sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row 5 times. When armhole measures 4in., cast off 5 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row until dec. to 32 sts. When armhole measures 7in., shape shoulder by casting off 8 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times.

BORDER

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 16 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 17in. Leave on a spare needle.



YOUR WINTER wardrobe would not be complete without at least one twin-set. They are so useful and versatile. Knit the one featured in your favorite color and finish off with corded interest.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working shapings at opposite end.

BORDER

Work to correspond with left front, making buttonholes as follows. First one being 1in. from lower edge, and 4 more 3in. apart.

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: Rib 8 sts., cast off 1 st., rib 6 sts.

2nd Row: Rib to last 8 sts., cast on 2 sts., rib 8 sts.

POCKET TOPS

Using No. 12 needles, with right side of work towards you, pick up and k 31 sts. along top of pocket. Inc. 1 st. and work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 7 rows. Cast off in ribbing.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 51 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 3in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and cont. in rib of k 2, p 2. Inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th row until inc. to 66 sts. P 1 row, inc. 1 st. Now work in patt., inc. 1 st. each end of every 12th row until inc. to 91 sts. When sleeve seam measures 19in., or required length, k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 61 sts., then every row until dec. to 39 sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work towards you, using No. 12 needles, rib the 16 sts. of border for right front, then pick up and k 96 sts. around neck, rib the 14 border sts. of left front (128 sts.). Work 7 rows rib of k 2, p 2 (then make another buttonhole on right front. Work one row rib. Cast off in ribbing, purling every 7th and 8th sts. tog.

SHOULDER-PADS

Work the same as for jumper.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves and shoulder-pads. Stitch borders on to each front. Stitch down pockets. Crochet and cover 6 button moulds and sew on left front. Make 2 cords 1yd. long and sew on pockets.



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Classic in hand-knits

THIS beautifully tailored cardigan-jumper, illustrated in color on page 9, is designed to fit sizes 36 to 38. Its attractiveness is emphasised by its simplicity. Ideal for day or night wear during the cold months.

Materials: Patons "Beehive" fingering 3-ply (Patonised Shrink-resist finish. This is the only wool which should be used). 502 main shade, 501 white. Knitting needles, 1 pair No. 10. A medium-sized crochet hook and a little cotton-wool.

Measurements (after pressing): Length, 21in. Length of sleeve seam 18in. Width all round under arms, 12in.

Tension: 8 sts. and 11 rows to 1in. **Abbreviations:** St., stitch; k., knit; p., purl; tog., together; rep., repeat; rem., remain(s) (ing) (der); inc., increase (ing); dec., decrease (ing); patt., pattern; m., make; sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass the slipped stitch over; ch., chain; d.c., double crochet.

LEFT FRONT
Cast on 61 sts. in main wool and work 20 rows in st-st., but do not work into the backs of the sts. for the first row.

21st Row: Work a hem thus: Fold the work in two, * and k through the first st. on the needle, and the first st. of cast-on row simultaneously; rep. from * to end of row.

22nd Row: Cast on 3, k 3, p to end (64 sts.).

23rd Row: K 49, k 2 tog., m 1, k 13.

24th Row: K 3, p to end. Rep. rows 23 and 24 for 26 more rows.

* Inc. 1 st. at the beg. of next row (armhole edge) and similarly every following 8th row (same edge) until there are 75 sts. Work 9 more rows.

Neatest trick in sweaters

EVERY smart young thing will admire this slick sweater with its cute music motif and keyboard design.

Materials: Patons "Beehive" fingering 3-ply (Patonised Shrink-resist finish. This is the only wool which should be used). White, 102; black 102; red, 502; 1 pair No. 10 needles; 1 medium-size crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 32 to 34in. bust. Length from top of shoulder, 21in.; length of sleeve from underarm, 18in.

Tension: 8 sts. to the inch in width.

BACK
Using red wool cast on 120 sts. **1st Row:** K plain. **2nd Row:** K 1, p to last st., k 1. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 7 times. Cast in plain smooth fabric, decreasing once at each end of the needle in the next and every following 8th row until 110 sts. rem. Work 11 rows without shaping.

Continued on page 52

TO SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next row, and similarly at the beg. of every alt. row (same edge) three times in all, then on the same edge k 2 tog. at the beg. of every alt. row until 54 sts. rem. Work straight for 8 more rows.

TO SHAPE NECK

Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next row, then on same edge k 2 tog. every row until 27 sts. rem. Work straight for 11 more rows. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 61 sts., work a hem, as in left front (21 rows).

22nd Row: Purl, then cast on 3 sts. (64 sts.).

23rd Row: K 13, m 1, sl. 1, k 1, and p.s.s.o., k to end.

24th Row: P until 3 sts. rem., k 3.

25th Row: K 7, cast off 3, k 2 more, sl. 1, k 1, and p.s.s.o., k to end.

26th Row: P until 7 sts. rem., cast on 3, p 4, k 3. Work 8 more buttonholes (9 in all) in this way, with 17 rows between the buttons. Rep. rows 23 and 24 for 24 more rows, then rep. from * in left front, and complete to match the left front.

BACK

Cast on 102 sts. and work a hem, as in left front (21 rows).

22nd Row: All p. Work 28 more rows. Inc. 1 st. at both ends of the next row, and similarly every following 8th row, until there are 124 sts. Work 9 more rows.

TO SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of each of the next 6 rows, then k 2 tog. at the beg. of each row, until 83 sts. rem. Work for 29 more rows, Cast off.

SLEEVES (both alike)

Cast on 82 sts. and work a hem.



CHARMING, easy-to-knit, yet slenderising jumper-cardigan for the slightly fuller figure. See it in color on page 9.

as in left front (21 rows). **22nd Row:** All p. Work 30 more rows.

TO SHAPE TOP

K 2 tog. at the end of each row until 48 sts. rem. Work 28 more rows. Cast off 16 sts. at the beg. of each of the next 2 rows (leaving 16 sts.). Work 15 more rows. Cast off.

COLLAR AND TIE

Cast on 150 sts. in the white wool and work for 16 rows in st-st., but inc. 1 st. at the end of each of the first 8 rows, then k 2 tog. at the end of each of the following 8 rows. Cast off.

POCKETS (two alike)

Cast on 22 sts. in the main wool and work 24 rows in st-st.

25th Row: Join in the white wool, then k 1, * m 1, k 2 tog.; rep. from *, end row by k 1.

26th Row: Purl. Work for 8 more rows. Cast off.

BUTTONS (8 alike)

With the crochet hook work 4 ch. in the main wool, and fasten so as to form a ring, into which work 10 d.c. for the first round.

2nd Round: 2 d.c. in each d.c. (20 d.c.). Working d.c. over d.c., work for 40 more d.c., insert a tuft of cotton-wool and cover by working d.c. in every alt. d.c. until closed. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Carefully press all the pieces on the wrong side under a damp cloth with a hot iron. Sew up shoulders.

Sew the outer edges of the last 15 rows at the top of sleeve to the cast-off edges of 16 sts., and neatly set sleeves into the armholes. Press seams while garment is still open. Sew up the remaining seams, and sew the border of 3 sts. inside along the edges of both fronts. Fold the collar in two lengthwise, and sew to neck edge, leaving an end at both sides to serve as a tie. Fold in two the last 10 rows worked in white wool at top of each pocket, and sew in place, then sew on pockets as illustrated. Using white wool, work a row of d.c. around edge of tie pieces. Press all seams and d.c. edging. Sew on buttons.



SWEATER designs like this have swept like wildfire throughout every college campus in America. They're the craze. See this slick sweater in color on page 9.

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COSMETIC COMMUNIQUE

● One thing about the cosmetic business—it is never dull, and right now quite a lot is happening that the beauty-buying public will find interesting.

By **CAROLYN EARLE**
Our Beauty Expert

HERE are the latest top-drawer news about glamor products. We all know the precision-finished Lournay cosmetics; the nine powder shades, the seven lipstick and rouge tonings, skin lotions, masques, etc.

Soon we are to have another type of beauty product from Lournay laboratories—a delicate, non-drying cake foundation called "Film Finish," which will come in four powder-matching shades: Moon Glow, Fragile, Illusion, and Tawny; suitable for all skin types, with a plus cover-up quality.

Designed with a calculating eye to our climate and "way of life," it is waterproof, so its smooth suede surface will stay put through hours of the most strenuous sport and swimming.

This new make-up can be used with or without powder; applied with a dampened sponge or disposable dabs of cotton-wool squeezed out in water, rubbed on the cake, smoothed over face and neck, and coaxed to perfect evenness with the finger-tips.

Creme rouge is applied before, dry or compact rouge after the "Film Finish" . . . for a pretty-as-a-picture look.

Then, recently returned from five months' consultations abroad, Mrs. Maria Vadas, of the Helena Rubinstein salons, says we are soon to have their new pearly or paleface make-up, "Command Performance"—within a matter of weeks.

Actually, "Command Performance" is a complete make-up sequence comprising lipstick, rouge, powder, foundation, and nail lacquer, and emphasises the drama of lush red lips against pearly skin, and shadowed eyes in a pale setting.

One of the first to sponsor the co-ordination of beauty and fashion trend, Mme Rubinstein had Parisian Pierre Balmain design a collection of morning, afternoon, and evening gowns to complement the make-up, which were worn for the introduction of "Command Performance" abroad; these frocks are also to be seen in Australia.

"Morning Glory"

"BRIDAL TINT" is another Rubinstein product new to Australia and just released. Not exactly a foundation, though it can be worn as a base and powdered over, this liquid gives to the skin a glowing, colorful look. Rather like a liquid "dye," it was designed to give a dewy, petal-like skin texture to the bride wishing to present a glamorous morning face to her groom and preferring not to depend entirely on nature.

Cyclax maintain that there is no reason at all why we shouldn't carry a glowing, golden complexion through the autumn, and so are nominating their new "Summer Gold" duo of foundation lotion and face powder as an extremely happy thought for Easter and later.

The point is that as thermometers tumble the quality of light changes, and that's when we should all keep a keen watch on our make-up colors; the "Summer Gold" combination gives a warm honey tone to the skin, can be worn beautifully with the russet, brown, and rust tonings of autumn and winter clothes, and at the same time will prevent that fading-out look as summer tan disappears.

It can be worn, too, with almost any shade of lipstick, from the Cyclax battery "Wild Poppy" or "Brilliant" is recommended. The little ladies will

like to wear it without a speck of rouge; the matrons with a flattering glow of color.

From Contour, too, there is good news: Fingers and toes are going to be in the pink again, because about April or May we can expect the reappearance of their 12 shades of nail enamel, which match their 12 lipstick colors.

Discontinued at commencement of war, when it was impossible to secure the ingredients, we can look forward in the near future to a cream-base lacquer that will help as well as color nails subjected to the splitting, cracking, and flaking-off action of wartime varnish.

Finally, the makers of "Escapade" products have some exciting lipstick colors coming up: About April, "Lucky Devil," a deep, brilliant red with navy a trace of blue to wear with winter colors; and another, as yet unnamed, in cyclamen-red tonings.

Statistics show that cyclamen has been in the top brackets of popularity for years now, both here and abroad, as a daytime color. Now, with the addition of red, it becomes equally striking for day or night, holding the color perfectly under artificial light.

In April, too, we look like getting some lipstick brushes, in pretty plastic holders which screw on and prevent everything in your handbag being smeared with red; nothing can touch the lovely sharp outline of brush-drawn liplines, or give such a professional look to your make-up.

A bit later on, about mid-year, there is to be an entirely new type of foundation called liquid cake make-up; in three or four colors, this thickish, non-drying liquid is applied to the skin with the finger-tips and worked in gently until sleek and smooth. The idea is that one application will last the whole day without repairs, saving the wearer considerable time and effort in make-up repairs.

Never kiss a baby on the mouth

● Infections can be transferred quite easily and swiftly by kissing.

By **MEDICO**

LITTLE Mrs. Morris brought her baby to see me. The child's mouth was covered with ulcers.

"Is it dangerous?" asked his mother nervously.

"It isn't really dangerous," I said. "Herpes is a very simple disease, and it will clear up in a week or ten days, but the point is that babies are born without herpes. It is an infection contracted from some other person—probably you."

"Me?" Little Mrs. Morris looked startled and frightened.

"Do you get sores on your lips when you get a cold?" "Yes—sometimes."

"Well, you may have kissed the baby on the mouth with a cold-sore on your own lip, or perhaps you tasted his food. In this way you've transferred the virus to his lips or spoon. Children between the ages of one and three years are particularly liable to this infection. When a child is infected with the virus for the first time, he often gets blisters on the lining of the lips which break down into these shallow ulcers."

"But you said he will be better in a few days?"

"The sores will clear up, but this is where the damage comes in. The virus has been implanted in the cells round the lips, and it usually remains for life. Every time he gets a cold, the virus begins to multiply, breaking out in fresh sores. At the same time he will be able to infect other people with it."

Here are three rules to remember:

- 1.—Never kiss a baby on the mouth. The tip of his ear is the right place.
- 2.—Never taste his food unless your mouth is quite healthy.
- 3.—Ill-nourished children are more likely to be infected than others.



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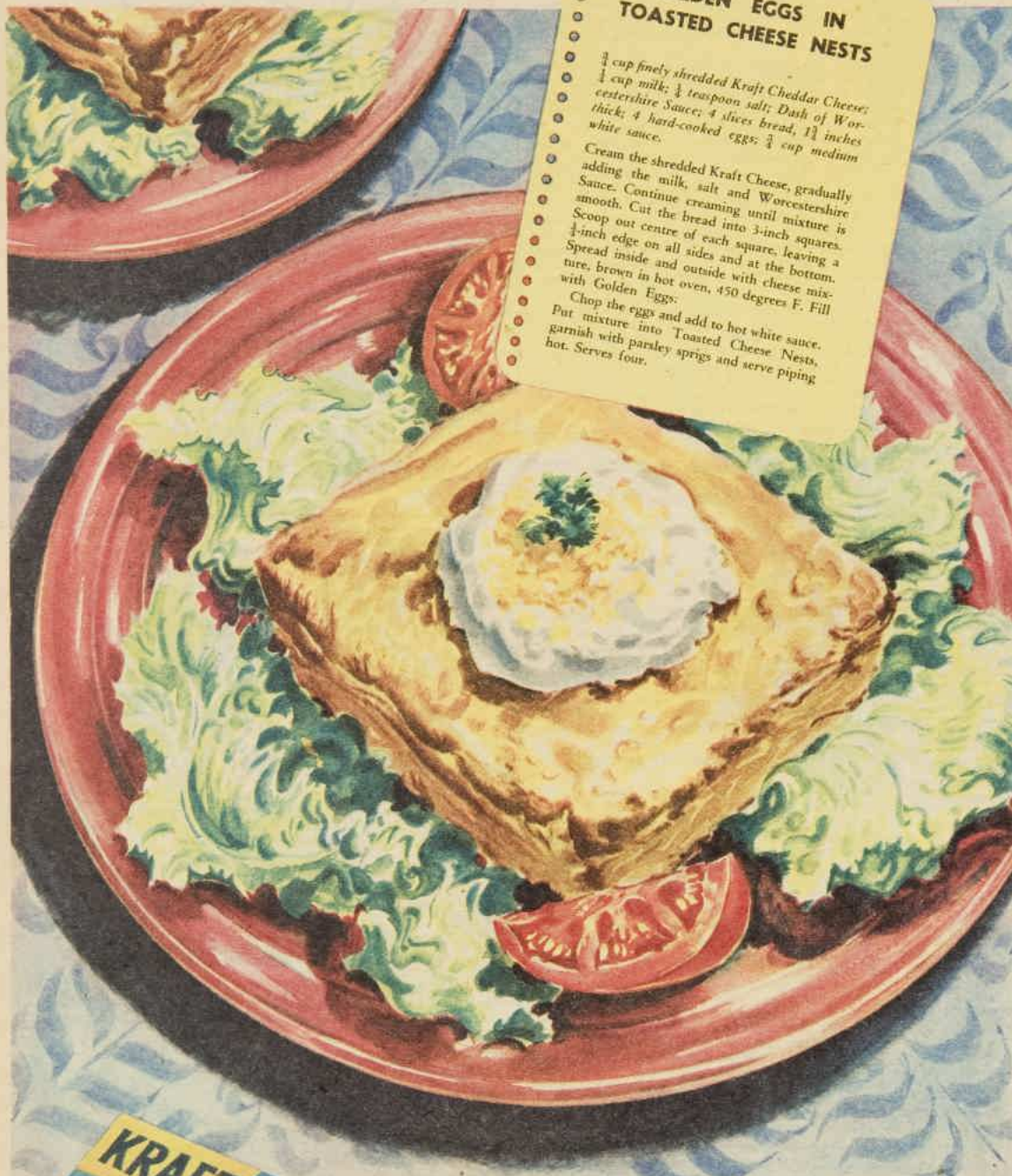
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this new Kraft recipe with eggs 'n cheese in nests of golden toast"

says ELIZABETH COOKE

Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert



GOLDEN EGGS IN TOASTED CHEESE NESTS

1 cup finely shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese;
1 cup milk; 1/2 teaspoon salt; Dash of Worcester-
shire Sauce; 4 slices bread, 1 1/2 inches
thick; 4 hard-cooked eggs; 1/2 cup medium
white sauce.

Cream the shredded Kraft Cheese, gradually
adding the milk, salt and Worcestershire
Sauce. Continue creaming until mixture is
smooth. Cut the bread into 3-inch squares.

Scoop out centre of each square, leaving a
1/2-inch edge on all sides and at the bottom.

Spread inside and outside with cheese mix-
ture, brown in hot oven, 450 degrees F. Fill
with Golden Eggs.

Chop the eggs and add to hot white sauce.
Put mixture into Toasted Cheese Nests,
garnish with parsley sprigs and serve piping
hot. Serves four.



Listen to
"MARY LIVINGSTONE, M.D."
Every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
and Thursday morning in all States.

Kraft Cheese **TASTES** better
because it's **BLENDED BETTER**

Leave it to Kraft Cheddar Cheese to give new zest, new flavour
appeal to everyday ingredients! It always has the same delicious
mellow flavour and blended goodness. It's always cream-fresh in its
hygienic foil wrapping.

And when you serve "Golden Eggs in Toasted Cheese Nests" for
lunch or supper — or any other delicious Kraft recipe — you can
be sure the meal provides substantial nourishment for you and your
family.

Ounce for ounce, there's no basic food that equals cheese for com-
plete, high quality proteins — for calcium, phosphorus and other
valuable nutrients of milk. So ask for Kraft Cheddar Cheese in the
smart 8 oz. packet or have the exact quantity you require cut from
the economical 5 lb. loaf at your grocer's.

Three April Tots

... born
under the Sign of

ARIES



The influence of the Sign of
Aries prevails between March
21st and April 19th and a
youngster born at this time of
the year is very likely to have
a dynamic personality,
abounding energy and drive.
These are the characteristics
of this Sign. So the future
looks very promising for
these three bonny youngsters
— whose mothers are safe-
guarding their health now
with vitamin-rich Vegemite.



LEON GREGORY

Five years old on April 10th,
Leon is the son of Mr. and
Mrs. Gregory of Seaview
Avenue, Newport, N.S.W.
Mrs. Gregory says: "I soon
realised the importance of
vitamins for children — so I
started giving Leon Vegemite.
Kiddies love its flavour and it's
so good for them."



MARGARET STEELE

The pretty little daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Steele of
Cameron Street, Edgecliff,
N.S.W., Margaret's fifth birth-
day is on April 7th. Mrs.
Steele says: "Vegemite plays a
big part in my daughter
Margaret's diet because I know
how important it is for grow-
ing children to get plenty of
nourishing vitamins."



CAROL GRANGER

March 22nd is the date of
Carol's birthday and she is the
two-year-old daughter of Mr.
and Mrs. C. Granger of
Parliament Street, Brighton,
Victoria. "You should see the
way Carol enjoys Vegemite,"
Mrs. Granger says, "and I know
it's helping to keep her well."

Vegemite — a little does a
power of good, because it is:

- ★ Richer in Vitamin B1 (Aneuritic)
- ★ Richer in Vitamin B2 (Riboflavin)
- ★ Richer in the anti-pellagra factor (Nicotin)
- ★ Tastier and costs less.



By The Australian Women's Weekly Food and Cookery Experts

If you are a homemaker who yearns to entertain easily, there's something here for you. Entertaining is as easy as you choose to make it—a successful dinner-party need not be too great a strain on the budget (nor on the nervous system!) if you are guided by these rules:

1.—Plan a menu to suit your pocket, your time, your kitchen equipment.

2.—Choose dishes you can prepare with confidence. Experiment on the family, not on the guests.

3.—Prepare as much as possible in advance. Set the table early in the afternoon, relax until time to start cooking.

4.—Avoid foods which ask for a lot of last-minute attention. When the guests arrive, meet them serenely, secure in the knowledge that nothing is spoiling in the kitchen.

5.—Serve dinner promptly with hot foods really hot; cold ones well chilled.

6.—Once at the table, relax and enjoy yourself—having prepared and planned well, there should be no further worries.

The menu illustrated is simple, not over-expensive, and guaranteed to enhance your reputation as a hostess.

MENU 1

(See color photograph)

Fish and Grapefruit Appetiser.
Veal and Bacon Rolls with Mushrooms
Buttered Corn, Tomato Slices.
Baked Potatoes, Green Peas,
Steamed Pears and Chocolate Sauce
Black Coffee.

Continued on
page 50

Dinner for
FOUR

EATING IN SIX LANGUAGES *by Hesling*



سورر با حصو ص مد ض طمي
(MY DELIGHT IS MUSTARD)

Meet Mustafa Pasha Bey, an Ottoman Turk (you can tell that by his Ottoman). In Turkey a Pasha is a sort of Duke, while Bey means Governor of a province. Mustafa, I am sure, means "Mustard for" — Mustard for Bey, Mustard for Pasha, Mustard for Sultan. In fact, KEEN'S MUSTARD for

everybody, as it promotes appetite and also adds relish, as one glance at Mustafa's face shows you.



KE-127

Which day do YOU serve SAVOY?

Sunday is my trouble-free SAVOY DAY. On Sunday nights the family like a home-cooked meal. But why toil while others rest? I pop a favourite SAVOY dish in the oven (it's as easy as that), then relax.

Always Say

Savoy

NUTRIFOODS

MACARONI SPAGHETTI AND OTHERS

SAVOY NUTRIFOODS PTY. LTD., 20 GEORGE STREET, LEICHHARDT, N.S.W. 2042

How to treat a CUT FINGER



Elastoplast

10d and 1/8

FIRST AID DRESSINGS in RED tins from Chemists

- Elastic
- Adhesive
- Antiseptic

Made in England by T. J. Smith & Nephew Ltd., Hull



1. Cleanse the finger thoroughly and dry.
2. Select an Elastoplast dressing of suitable size and remove protective muslin.
3. Without touching antiseptic pad, place it on cut, slightly stretching dressing round finger.
4. Finally, firmly press down adhesive edges.

The wound is now comfortably and securely protected whilst the dressing, being elastic, allows the joints to move freely. Elastoplast is first-class first-aid—you need no bandages or other antiseptic. Never neglect an injury, however slight—if in doubt see your doctor.

THESE WIN CASH PRIZES

● Delicious combination of kidney and macaroni wins first prize for a reader in this week's recipe contest.

FIG and raisin paste, another prize-winner, makes a tasty whole-some filling for lunch-box sandwiches — can also be used as a savory spread on croutons of fried bread.

Have you ever used cream cheese and curry powder when making pastry? You'll like the combination; makes an excellent base for savories, too. The Indian biscuits made from this pastry keep well in an airtight jar, so make them a "must" for your next party.

KIDNEYS AND MACARONI

Four ounces macaroni, 4 sheep's kidneys, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pinch herbs, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 1½ cups stock or water, 1 tomato, 2 hard-boiled eggs, parsley for garnishing.

Cook macaroni in boiling, salted water till tender—15 to 20 minutes. Cut each kidney in halves. Remove skin and wash well. Cut into small pieces. Sprinkle well with salt, pepper, parsley and herbs. Heat fat in frying-pan. Add kidneys, and fry gently, turning once or twice. Remove kidneys from pan. Add flour and brown well. Add stock and sliced tomato and stir till boiling. Allow to simmer gently 5 to 8 minutes. Add kidneys. Arrange border of macaroni on hot dish. Serve kidney sauce in centre. Garnish with wedges of tomato, slices of hard-boiled egg, and parsley.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. I. Friend, 5 Pickering Lane, Woolahra, N.S.W.

INDIAN BISCUITS

Two dessertspoons margarine or butter, 2oz. cream cheese, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 egg-yolk, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, pinch



USE YOUR favorite biscuit recipe—rolled out thinly. Cut into rounds. Remove centres from half. When cooked and cooled, sandwich together with raspberry or blackberry jam.

cayenne pepper, squeeze of lemon juice.

Cream shortening, cream cheese, and curry powder well together till quite smooth. Add egg-yolk and lemon juice, beating well. Add flour and salt sifted together, and mix to a fairly stiff dough.

Turn on to floured board. Knead slightly, roll thinly. Cut in different shapes or finger-lengths. Glaze with milk. Place on greased oven slide. Bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes until golden brown. Biscuits may be sandwiched together with savory filling, used as base for savories, or served plain.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Stratford, Burral St., Morningside, Brisbane.

FIG AND RAISIN PASTE

Half-pound preserved figs, ½lb. raisins, 1 cup water, 1 cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 plain biscuits.

Mince the figs and raisins. Place into saucepan with water, sugar, and lemon juice. Simmer till soft. Add vanilla essence. Place mixture through a mincer, using plain biscuits to clean the grinder and stiffen mixture. Pack into screw-top jar.

This mixture will keep 2 or 3 days and is delicious served between scones or wholemeal bread. Use as a filling for the children's lunches.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. W. Alsop, 15 Queen St., Goodwood Park, S.A.

RAINBOW LEMON SHAPE

Two and a half cups cold water and juice of 2 lemons, 1½ cups sugar, 3 tablespoons corn flour, 1 cup cold water, 2 egg-whites, 1½ tablespoons sugar, pink coloring, 2 egg-yolks, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Place lemon rind, sugar, and 2½ cups cold water in saucepan. Bring to boil, add lemon juice. Beat cornflour with the 1 cup cold water. Add to boiling liquid, stirring up with wooden spoon. Cook 1½ minutes. Cool slightly. Beat egg-whites stiffly. Fold into cornflour mixture. Divide into 3 portions. Place one portion in bottom of wetted mould, color second portion pink and add to mould. Add beaten egg-yolks to remaining mixture with salt and lemon rind. Add to mould. Cut well before serving.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Day, 89 Christmas St., Northcote, Vic.

Dinner for four

Continued from page 49

FISH AND GRAPEFRUIT APPETISER

One cup diced grapefruit pulp, 1 cup flaked cooked fish, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon Worcester sauce, 1 dessertspoon tomato puree, lettuce leaves.

Combine grapefruit and flaked fish. Arrange in serving dishes in a bed of baby lettuce leaves. Chill well. Just before serving top with mayonnaise, sauce, and puree well mixed together. Dust with paprika.

VEAL AND BACON ROLLS

One pound veal steak, 4 rashers bacon, 1 cup fine white breadcrumbs, good pinch salt, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon finely minced onion, pinch of herbs, grate of nutmeg, 1 egg-yolk.

Combine breadcrumbs, salt, lemon rind, onion, herbs, nutmeg. Bind with beaten egg-yolk. Flatten steak with a rolling-pin, cut into 3in. squares. Cover each square with a strip of bacon. Spread with bread seasoning. Roll up and tie securely with cotton. Place in thickly greased baking dish, cover with greased paper, and bake in moderate oven, 350deg. F., 1 hour. Remove paper and cook a further 15 minutes. Remove cotton from rolls. Pile in centre of hot serving dish, garnish with wedges of lemon. Serve surrounded by baked tomato halves and sauteed mushrooms. Serves four.

HOT STEAMED PEARS

Five or 6 small firm pears, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup water, 3 cloves, small piece of lemon rind, pink coloring.

Wash pears, peel thinly, leaving stalks on. Place sugar, water, cloves and lemon rind into saucepan, bring to boil. Carefully add whole pears, cover and cook very gently 15 to 20 minutes. Remove pears, continue cooking syrup 5 minutes. Remove

cloves and lemon rind, add coloring, shaking saucepan to mix evenly—do not stir. Pour over pears in serving dish, cool, and then chill thoroughly before serving with hot chocolate sauce.

HOT CHOCOLATE SAUCE

Four ounces dark block chocolate, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Break chocolate into small pieces, place in basin with milk and vanilla. Stand basin in gently boiling water and stir occasionally until chocolate is melted and mixture smooth. Keep hot until serving time.

MENU 2.

Tomato and Celery Broth.
Creole Rabbit, Scalloped Potatoes,
French Beans, Carrot Straws,
Fluffy Rhubarb Pie,
Black Coffee.

TOMATO AND CELERY BROTH

One mutton shank, 2 pints vegetable stock, salt and pepper, 1 cup diced celery, 1 cup grated carrot, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 3 tomatoes, 1 tablespoon rolled oats, chopped parsley.

Wash mutton shank, remove fat, and gash meat well. Place in saucepan with stock, pepper and salt, celery, carrot, and onion. Simmer 1 hour. Remove mutton shank. Immerse tomatoes in boiling water, remove skins, chop into pieces. Add to broth with rolled oats blended with a little water. Simmer a further 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Sprinkle with chopped parsley before serving.

CREOLE RABBIT

One young rabbit, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 scant tablespoon fat, 1 small onion, 2 bacon rashers, 1 green apple, 1 small carrot, 2 tablespoons finely diced

celery, pinch of spice, pinch of ground cloves, 1 tablespoon sherry, lemon juice, 1 cup vermicelli or spaghetti, chopped parsley, 2½ cups water.

Soak rabbit 1 hour in salted water. Remove tail joint. Cut into joints, dry, and coat well with seasoned flour. Brown lightly in hot fat. Remove rabbit, add balance of stock and minced onion, brown lightly. Replace rabbit, add water, carrot, bacon, apple and celery, cover with cloves, and sherry or lemon juice. When boiling turn into covered casserole, adding well-washed spaghetti or vermicelli. Bake 1½ to 2 hours in moderate oven, 350deg. F. Serve hot sprinkled with chopped parsley.

FLUFFY RHUBARB PIE

Two ounces margarine or butter, 2oz. castor sugar, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 dessertspoon marmalade, 1 egg, 4 tablespoons milk, 4oz. self-raising flour, 1 cup cooked rhubarb.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and orange rind. Add marmalade. Beat in egg-yolk. Add sifted flour and milk, alternating. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Place cooked rhubarb in greased ovenware dish, cover with cake mixture. Bake 25 to 30 minutes in moderate oven, 350deg. F. Serve hot or cold with cream or custard.

SCALLOPED POTATOES

Four to 6 medium-sized potatoes, flour, pepper, salt, milk, butter.

Peel potatoes, slice thinly. Place a layer in bottom of greased ovenware dish. Dust with flour, salt and pepper. Continue until all potatoes are used. Add milk until it reaches top layer of potatoes. Do not butter and bake in a moderate oven, 350deg. F., 1 to 1½ hours. Dust with paprika or chopped parsley before serving.

Ah!



NO COOKING!
READY TO SERVE
STRAIGHT FROM
THE PACKET!

—what a **GRAND**
breakfast for a hot day!

TWO crisp and crunchy Weet-Bix — with milk, sugar and stewed fruit — make the *ideal* breakfast! Packed with flavour, and naturally rich in the nourishing goodness of hearty whole-wheat, they provide *all* the essential food elements your body needs even in summer — and save endless time and trouble in the kitchen because they come perfectly cooked and toasted ready for the table. Try Weet-Bix split and buttered instead of toast too! You'll find them just as crisp and twice as nourishing. From all grocers.



WEET-BIX

VITAMIN FORTIFIED
BREAKFAST BISCUITS

A SANITARIUM HEALTH
FOOD COMPANY PRODUCT

STURDY PULLOVER

for 7 to 10 years

DESIGNED for good looks as well as hard wear, this sturdy pullover will provide your child with several winters' faithful service.

See it in color on our cover. Materials: 8oz. Patons "Beehive" 4-ply (Patons Shrink-resistant finish). (This is the only wool which should be used); 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 12 knitting needles. Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 17½ in.; width all round at underarm, 30 in.; length of sleeve from underarm, 15 in. (or length desired).

Tension: To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 7½ sts. to the inch in width.

FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 108

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. this row 28 times.

29th Row: Inc. once in first st., * (p 1, k 1) four times, k 1, inc. once in next st., rep. from * to last 7 sts., (p 1, k 1) three times. (119 sts.)

CHARMING LITTLE JUMPER

Continued from page 52

Work 23 rows without shaping on these 43 sts., keeping the 3 cast-on sts. in plain, smooth fabric.

Shape for shoulder as follows:—

1st Row: Work in patt. to the last 7 sts., turn.

2nd and 4th Rows: Work to end of the row.

3rd Row: Cast off 11 sts., work to last 14 sts., turn.

5th Row: Cast off 6 sts., work to last 21 sts., turn.

6th Row: Like the 2nd row. Cast

off. Join on wool at back opening and work sts. on spare needle to correspond, omitting the 3 cast-on sts.

SLEEVE

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 52 sts. Work in rib as given for the front for 3 in. Change to No. 9 needles and work in rib, inc. once at each end of every 8th row until 68 sts. rem., then inc. each end of every 6th row until there are 86 sts. on needle.

Cont. without shaping until work measures 17 in. from commencement.

Dec. once each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 44 sts. rem., then cast off 3 at beg. of every row until 26 sts. rem.

Cast off. Work another sleeve in the same manner.

NECK RIBBING

Using No. 12 needles and commencing at left side of neck opening, pick up and knit 96 sts. evenly round neck. Work in rib as given for the front for 1 in. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

With a damp cloth and warm iron press lightly. Join up shoulder, side, and sleeve seams. Sew up sleeves, placing seam to seam. Work 6 bracket loops down right side of neck opening. Sew on buttons to correspond with loops. Sew underlap in position.

Using No. 9 needles, proceed as follows:—

1st Row: K 1, * insert right-hand needle between 5th and 6th sts. on left-hand needle, draw loop through, slip loop on to left-hand needle, and knit it together with next st. (this will now be termed "knit left" throughout), k 4, p 3, w.b.k., rep. from * to last 6 sts., "knit left," k 5.

2nd Row: K 1, * p 5, k 3, rep. from * to last 6 sts., p 5, k 4.

3rd Row: K 1, * k 5, p 3, rep. from * to last 6 sts., k 6.

Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows twice, then 2nd row once.

9th Row: K 2, p 3, * w.b.k., "knit left," k 4, p 3, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

10th Row: K 1, p 1, * k 3, p 5, rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 3, p 1, k 1.

11th Row: K 2, * p 3, k 5, rep. from * to last 5 sts., p 3, k 2.

Repeat 10th and 11th rows twice, then 10th row once.

Cont. working in patt. as given from * to * until work measures 11 in. from commencement.

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of needle in each of the next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work 51 sts. in patt., cast off 1 st., work 51 sts. in patt., k 2 tog.

Cont. in patt. on last 52 sts., dec. once at each end of needle in every alt. row until 34 sts. rem., then dec. at neck edge only in every alt. row until 24 sts. rem.

Cont. in patt. without shaping until work measures 17 in., ending at neck edge.

Shape for shoulder as follows:—

1st Row: Work in patt. to last 8 sts., turn.

2nd Row: Work in patt. to end of row.

3rd Row: Work in patt. to last 16 sts., turn.

4th Row: Like 2nd row. Cast off.

Join in wool at centre front and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

BACK

Work exactly as given for front until work measures same as front to underarm.

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of needle in each of next 3 rows, then dec. once at each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 87 sts. rem.

Cont. in patt. without shaping until armholes measure same as front armholes. Shape for shoulders as follows:—

1st and 2nd Rows: Work in patt. to last 8 sts., turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Work in patt. to last 16 sts., turn.

5th and 6th Rows: Work in patt. to last 24 sts., turn.

7th Row: Work in patt. to end of row.

Cast off.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 54

sts.



LITTLE SISTER admires big brother's new pullover. . . . Your schoolboy, too, will be proud to wear this pullover. It's warm, comfortable, and will give long wear.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Rep. this row twenty-one times, inc. once at end of needle in last row.

Using No. 9 needles, proceed as follows:—

Work in patt. as given from * to * for front, inc. once at each end of needle in 9th and every following 8th row until there are 65 sts. on needle, then inc. once at each end of needle in every following 8th row until there are 85 sts. on needle.

Cont. in patt. without shaping until work measures 15 in. (or length desired) from commencement.

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of needle in every row until 33 sts. rem.

Cast off.

Work another sleeve in same manner.

NECKBAND

Sew up right shoulder seam. With right side of work facing and using No. 12 needles, k up 58 sts. down left side of neck, knitting last st. from centre front; k up 58 sts. down right side of neck, and 51 sts. across back of neck (168 sts.).

1st Row: K 2, (p 1, k 1) 52 times, (p 1, k 2 tog.) twice, (p 1, k 1) 28 times.

2nd Row: K 2, (p 1, k 1) 26 times, p 1, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., (p 1, k 1) 53 times.

3rd Row: K 2, (p 1, k 1) 51 times, (p 1, k 2 tog.) twice, (p 1, k 1) 27 times.

4th Row: K 2, (p 1, k 1) 25 times, p 1, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., (p 1, k 1) 52 times.

5th Row: K 2, (p 1, k 1) 50 times, (p 1, k 2 tog.) twice, (p 1, k 1) 26 times.

6th Row: K 2, (p 1, k 1) 34 times, p 1, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., (p 1, k 1) 51 times.

7th Row: K 2, (p 1, k 1) 49 times, (p 1, k 2 tog.) twice, (p 1, k 1) 25 times.

8th Row: K 2, (p 1, k 1) 23 times, p 1, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., (p 1, k 1) 50 times.

Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam.

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



NATURE GIVES YOU THE HINT! Loose dandruff? Itchy scalp? Unruly, lifeless-looking hair? This is nature's way of saying that you have Dry Scalp. That natural scalp oil needs help with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic.

Hair looks better.. scalp feels better.. when you check Dry Scalp



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Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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- Tilt-forward storage bin for dry foods and canned goods
- Stainless steel door facing
- Very low weekly operating cost
- Automatic interior light
- 60in. high, 30in. wide, 22in. deep.

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Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy and ruin your health. In 3 minutes Mendaco—the prescription of a famous doctor—circulates through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The very next day brings free, easy breathing and restful sleep. No dopes, no needles, no injections. Just take pleasant, tasteless Mendaco tablets at meals and get relief from Asthma and Bronchitis in next to no time. Even though you may have suffered years, Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist.

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For Asthma... Now 6/- and 12/-



For you . . .

SNOWDRIFT GLAMOR

BE gay on a winter's day snuggled into this newest cossack hat. It is so simple to make—only a straight piece joined into a muff shape and perched on your head at the newest angle.

Put it well back, and with your fingers press it to the crown of your head, leaving the top part to stand on its own.

On the coldest days, wear the matching mittens over your gloves to keep your fingers completely cozy.

Materials: 7 skeins "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 2-ply fingering wool; 1 pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles.

Measurements: Mitts, length, 15½ in.; hat, width all round, 18 in.

Tension: 7 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in., measured over the loop patt.

LEFT MITT

With No. 10 needles cast on 60 sts. and work in patt. as follows:

1st Row: K.

2nd Row: K 1, * insert needle into next st., wind wool twice round two fingers and right-hand needle, then over needle again and draw 3 loops through, then k into the back of this st. and slip it off needle; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: K, knitting each group of 4 as 1 st.

4th Row: P. These 4 rows form one patt. Cont. in patt., but dec. 1 st. at both ends of 9th row and every following 8th row until 42 sts. rem. Cont. without further shaping until work measures 8½ in. from beg., ending with a 4th patt. row. Now slip the first and last 10 sts. on to spare needles, join wool to the centre 22 sts. and cont. in patt. on these sts. for a further 6 in., then mark this position with a colored thread. Now shape top by dec. 1 st. at both ends of next and every alt. row until 12 sts. rem. Cast off.

Place the two sets of 10 sts. on a No. 12 needle, with the opening to the centre, then with No. 12 needles work thus:

Next Row: * K twice into first st., p 1, k twice into next st., p 1, k twice into next st.; rep. from * to end (32 sts.).

Next Row: P. Work 10 rows st-st., then beg. thumb shaping as follows:

1st Row: K 23, k twice into next st., k 3, k twice into next st., k to end.



INSPIRED by the loveliness of crisp white snowdrifts, fashioned to link warmth with eye-catching charm—this smartest winter set makes you a reigning beauty.

2nd Row: P.
3rd Row: K 23, k twice into next st., k 5, k twice into next st., k to end.

4th Row: P.
5th Row: K 23, k twice into next st., k 7, k twice into next st., k to end.

6th Row: P.
Cont. to inc. in this way on next and every alt. row, working 2 extra sts. between inc. on every inc. row until there are 48 sts. Work 5 rows after last inc. row.

Next Row: K 24, cast on 4, k these 4 sts., then k 20 sts., turn.

Next Row: P 24, turn.
Cont. in st-st. on these 24 sts. for 2½ in., ending with a p row.

Next Row: K 2 tog. right across.
Next Row: P 2 tog. right across.
Break off wool, leaving a long end which thread through remaining sts., draw up tightly and fasten off. Join thumb seam. With right side of work facing you, pick up and k 4 sts. at base of thumb, then k sts. from first spare needle.

Next Row: P across all sts. Cont. in st-st. until palm measures same as back of mitt to colored thread, ending with a p row. Now dec. 1 st. at both ends of next row and every alt. row until 18 sts. rem. Cast off.

RIGHT MITT

Work as given for left mitt until thumb measurements are reached, then

begin shaping as follows:

Next Row: K 4, k twice into next st., k 3, k twice into next st., k to end.

Next Row: P.
Next Row: K 4, k twice into next st., k 5, k twice into next st., k to end.

Next Row: P.
Cont. in this way until there are 48 sts. Work 5 rows after last inc. row.

Next Row: K 24, turn.
Next Row: Cast on 4, p 24, turn. Cont. on these 24 sts. for 2½ in., then shape top as given for left mitt. Now complete as given for left mitt.

TO MAKE UP

Join arm seam, then join palm and back sections.

HAT

With No. 12 needles cast on 108 sts. and work 18 in. in st-st., ending with a k row.

Next Row: * P 1, p 2 tog.; rep. from * to end. Change to No. 10 needles and work in loop patt. on these 72 sts. until this section is same length as st-st. section. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Join the cast-on and cast-off edges of hat (the st-st. section serves as lining). Join sides of patt. section and st-st. section, then join the two ends together.

Sweater for winter sparkle

SEE this definitely new sweater in color on page 9. It's a honey.

Materials: 4 skeins "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool (no other wool should be used); shade No. 2200 (navy); 2 skeins shade No. 2138 (red); 2 skeins shade No. 1075 (white); 2 prs. needles, Nos. 10 and 12; 3 small buttons; 1 press-stud.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 22 in.; bust, 36 in.; length of sleeve seam, 23 in.

Abbreviations: N, navy; r, red; w, white.

Tension: 7 st. 1 in., 9 rows 1 in.

FRONT

Using No. 10 needles and n wool, cast on 126 sts. Work in st-st. for 2 in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Cont. in st-st., dec. 1 st. each end of the next, then every 4th row following until dec. to 104 sts., working 1½ in. more in n, then 3½ in. r, 3½ in. w. and 3½ in. n, alternately. When work measures 7 in., change to No. 12 needles and cont. in st-st. for 1½ in. Change to No. 10 needles and cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every row until inc. to 126 sts. When work measures 16 in. ending with 2 in. r, work as follows:

Next Row: Using n wool, cast on 30 sts., k into back of cast-on sts. in n, k 126 r, cast on 30 sts. in n.

Next Row: P 30 n, 126 r, 30 n.

Next Row: K 30 n, 126 r, 30 n.

Repeat the last 2 rows until r

stipe measures 3½ in., ending with a p row.

Next Row: K 30 n, 126 w, 30 n.

Next Row: P 30 n, 126 w, 30 n.

Repeat the last 2 rows for 3½ in.

Work across all sts. in n for 4 rows, then cont. in n wool and shape neck as follows: K 86 sts. (leave on a spare needle), cast off 14 sts., k 86 sts. Cont. on last 86 sts. and k 2 tog. at neck edge every row until dec. to 75 sts. Shape shoulder by casting off 15 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 5 times. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

BACK

Work the same as for front until work measures 20 in., divide sts. for back opening as follows: K 96 sts. (leave rem. 90 sts. on a spare needle).

Cont. on these 96 sts., making buttonholes as follows: 1st one being 1 in. above opening and 2 more 1 in. apart.

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: (Wrong side) P 3, cast off 2 sts., p to end of row.

2nd Row: K to last 3 sts., cast on 2 sts., k 3.

When work measures 23 in., shape shoulder by casting off 15 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 5 times. Cast off rem. sts. Join wool at centre back, cast on 6 sts., k to end of row. Cont. in st-st., keeping the 6 cast-on sts. in garter-st. and shape shoulder to correspond with other side.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work towards you, using No.



A HOLLYWOOD DESIGN featuring the new all-in-one sleeve—it's featured in color on page 9.

12 needles and n wool, pick up and k about 112 sts. around neck. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 1 in., cast off in ribbing.

SHOULDER-PADS

Using No. 10 needles and n wool, cast on 44 sts. Work in st-st. for 1 in. Cast off. Fold diagonally, lightly pad with cotton-wool and sew up edges.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, make 1 in. hem along lower edge and edge of sleeves. Sew buttons and press-stud on back opening.



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